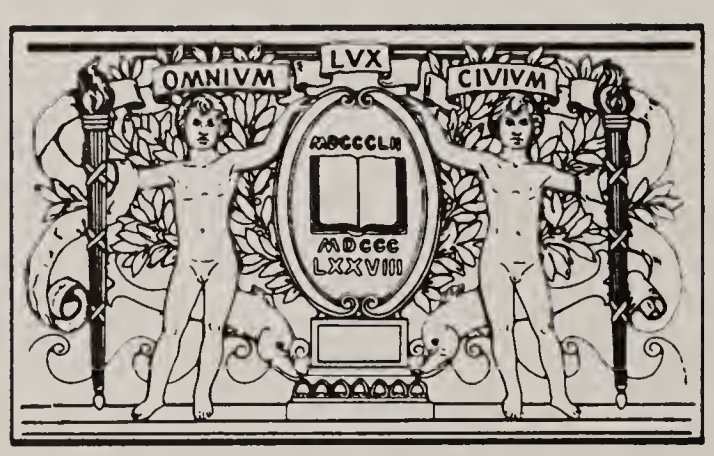
MOTHER GOOSE'S NURSERY RHYMES SET TO MUSIC



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MOTHER GOOSE'S

NURSERY RHYMES

AND

NURSERY SONGS

Set to Music

By J. W. ELLIOTT

McLOUGHLIN BRO'S., Inc.
SPRINGFIELD . MASSACHUSETTS

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PREFACE.

THE present volume is intended as a contribution to what may be justly considered a not unimportant department of our National Song literature—the Nursery Rhymes, namely, which seem appointed, by tacit and universal consent, to be "said or sung," and to be listened to, with unwearied interest and appreciation, in those great National Institutions, the Nursery and Home School-Rooms. To all who are interested in the selection of books for children, the book is now offered by the Publishers, with the hope that it may gain general and extended approbation. Especial pains have been taken to secure the suffrage of that still larger public, in petticoats and knickerbockers, whom a genial writer of the last century, who loved children, and spoke and wrote of them with infinite tenderness and affection, describes as "masters in all the learning on the other side of eight years old."

If it be true—as asserted by one of the greatest of critics and authors—that Sir Roger de Coverley and Mr. Spectator are more real than nine-tenths of the heroes of the last century, and that almost the only autobiography to be received entirely without distrust and disbelief is that of one Robinson Crusoe, Mariner, of York—then, surely, those important personages, Jack and Jill, Humpty Dumpty, and my Lady Wind, are real and distinct entities in the mind of every little child whose nursery education has not been entirely and unwarrantably neglected; and therefore it has seemed good to the Publishers to present to the children of the present day the adventures of those heroes, with musical accompaniments. In the arrangement of this portion of the volume, especial care has been taken by Mr. Elliott to keep the songs strictly within the capacity of children's execution, and the compass of children's voices. In his own family he has found a young jury ready to test the various tunes, and has chosen only those melodies which found prompt acceptance were easily remembered, and came trippingly off the tongue.

Among the old favorites a few new aspirants to popularity will be found; but it is hoped that their presence will be considered an additional attraction, and in no way lessen the pretentions of the present volume to be considered a compendium of National Nursery Rhymes.

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*Words by M. L. Eleiott.

Mistress Mary.

Allegretto moderato.

mp *p* *mf*

Mis-tress Ma - ry, quite con- tra - ry, How does your gar-den grow? With

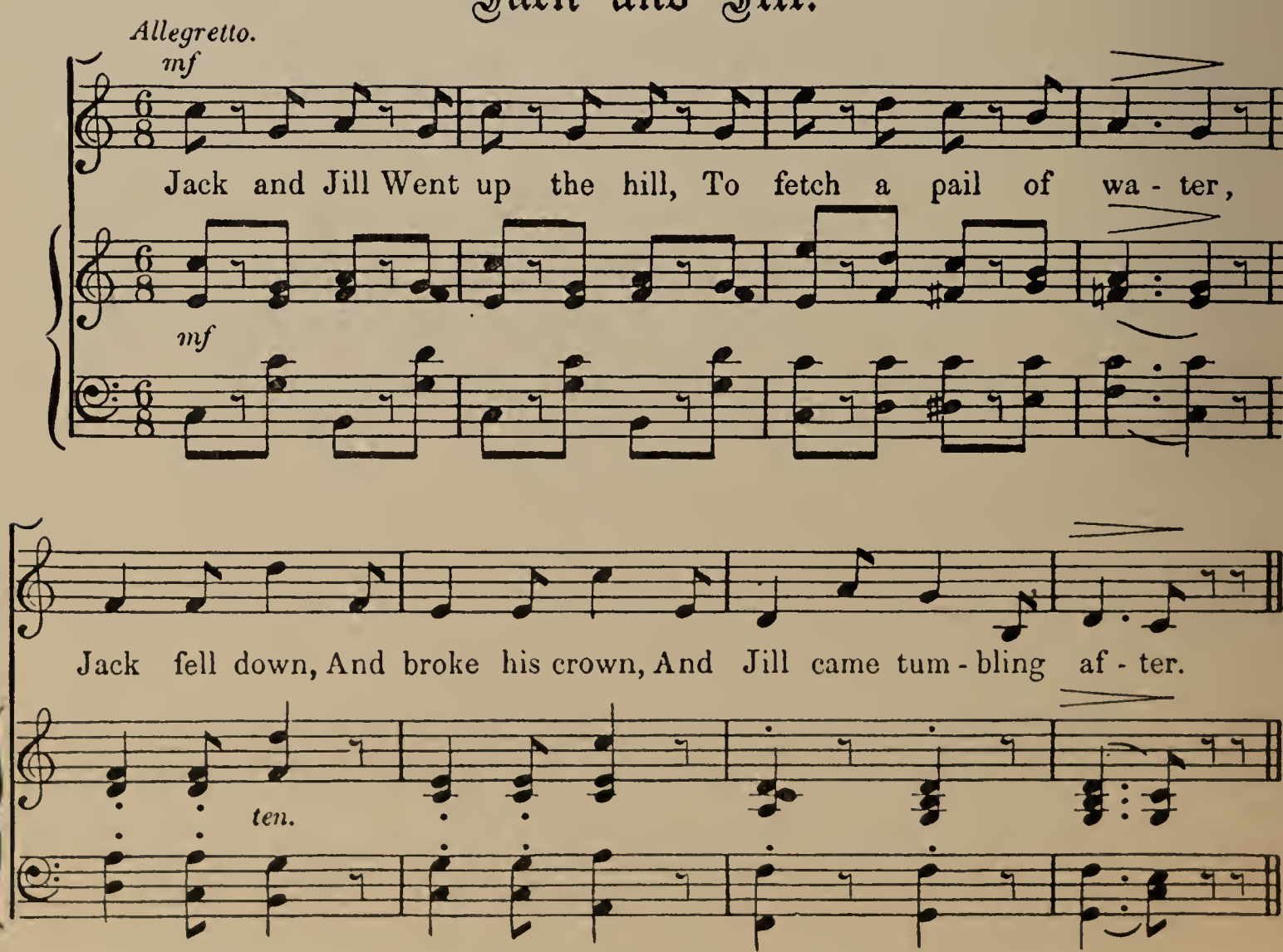
mp *p* *mf*

f

cock - le - shells, and sil - ver bells, And fair maids all in a row.

f

Jack and Jill.



SECOND VERSE.

mf

Up Jack got, And home did trot, As fast as he could ca - per,

mf

Went to bed, To mend his head, With vi- ne-gar and brown pa - per.

ten.

THIRD VERSE.

mf

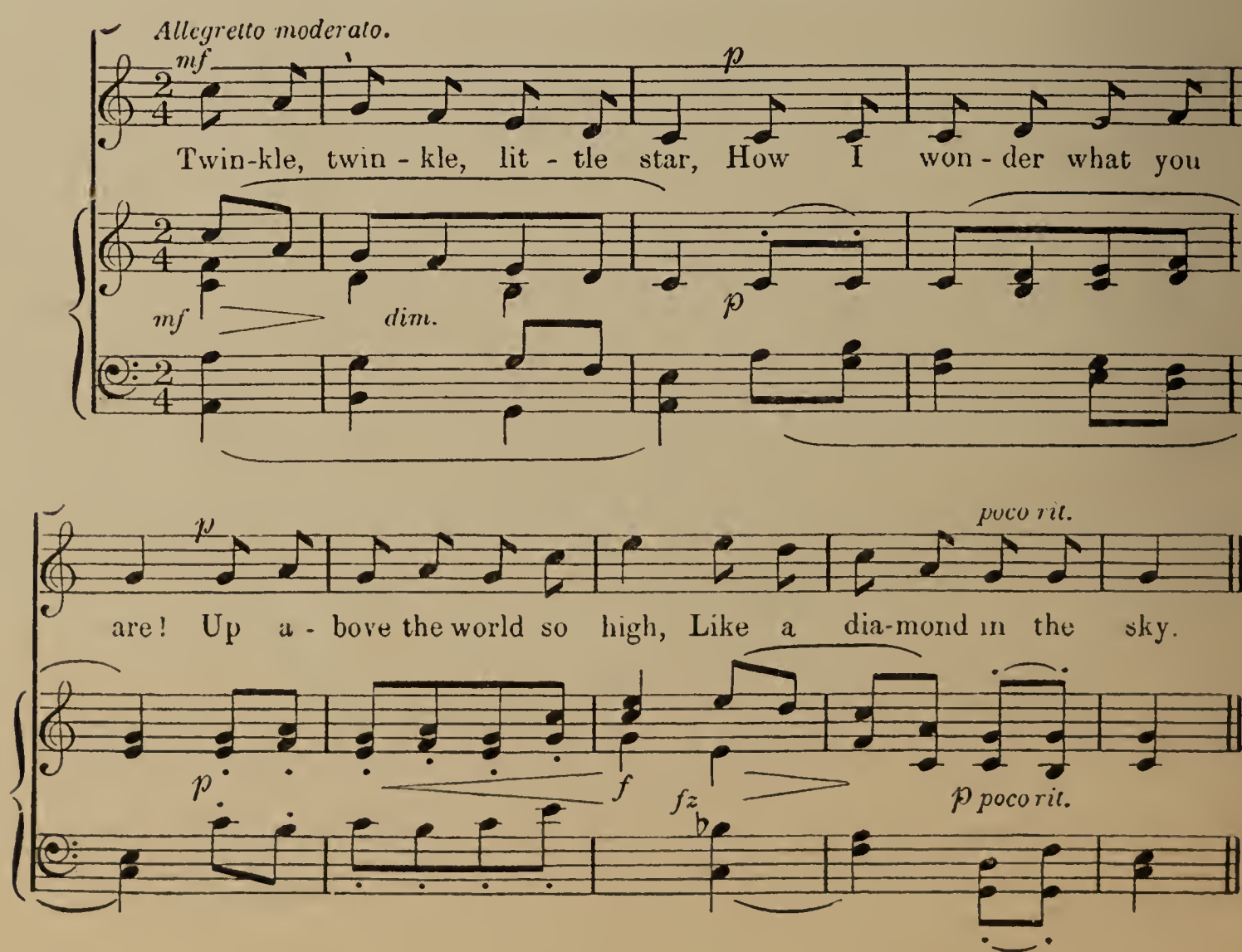
Jill came in, And she did grin, To see his pa - per plais - ter.

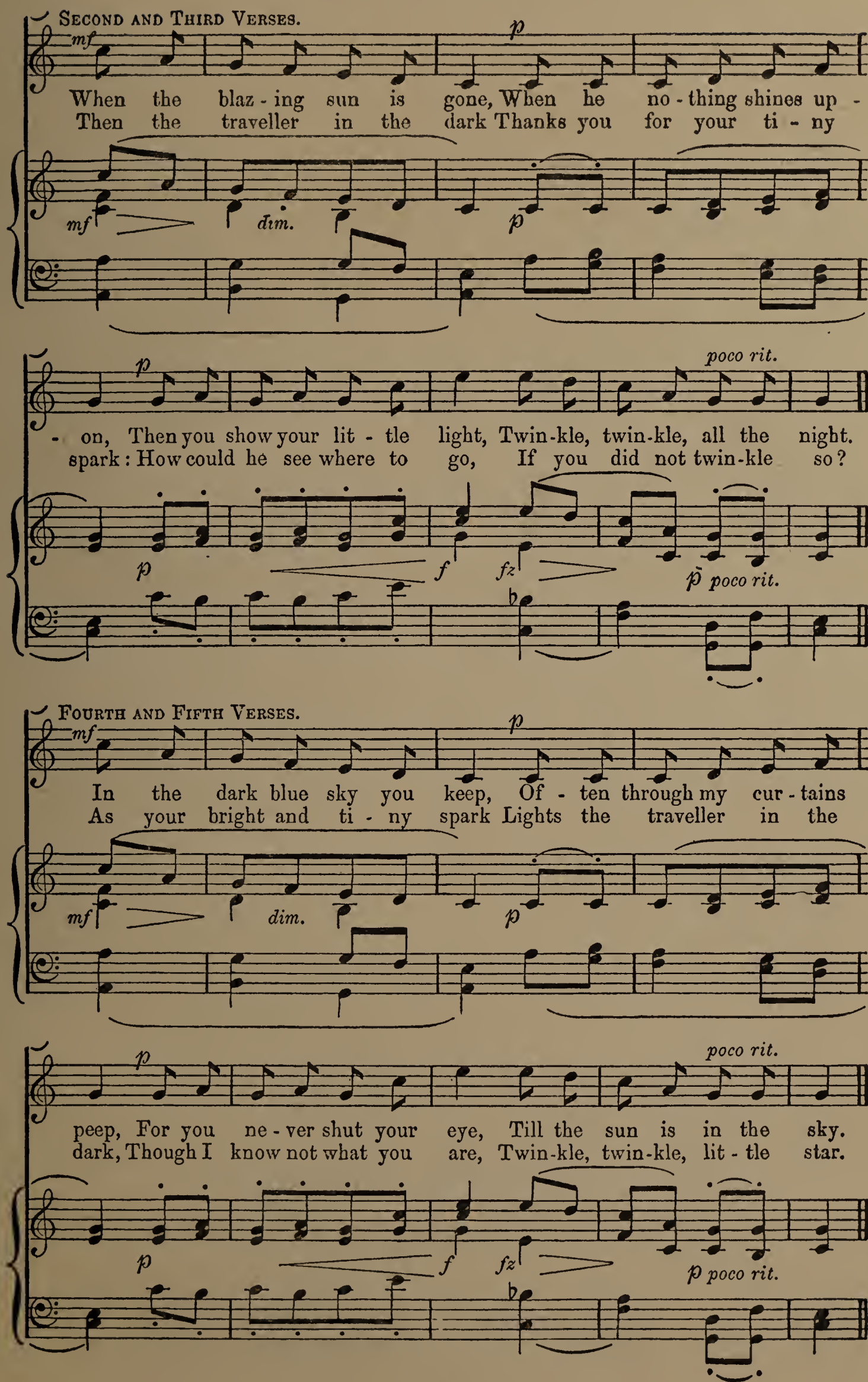
mf

Mo-ther, vex'd, Did whip her next, For caus - ing Jack's dis - as ter.

ten.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star.




Second and Third Verses.
mf
p
When the blaz - ing sun is gone, When he no - thing shines up -
Then the traveller in the dark Thanks you for your ti - ny
mf
dim.
p
p
poco rit.
- on, Then you show your lit - tle light, Twin-kle, twin-kle, all the night.
spark: How could he see where to go, If you did not twin-kle so?
p
f
fz
p poco rit.
Fourth and Fifth Verses.
mf
p
In the dark blue sky you keep, Of - ten through my cur - tains
As your bright and ti - ny spark Lights the traveller in the
mf
dim.
p
p
poco rit.
peep, For you ne - ver shut your eye, Till the sun is in the sky.
dark, Though I know not what you are, Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit - tle star.
p
f
fz
p poco rit.

Baa, Baa, Black Sheep.

Andante.

mp

Baa, Baa, Black Sheep, Have you a - ny wool? Yes sir, yes sir, Three bags full;

fz *fz*

cres. poco lento *rallentando e dim.*

One for my Master, One for my Dame, But none for the little boy Who cries in the lane.

cres. *poco lento.* *rallentando e dim.*

Dickory, dickory, dock.

Allegro.

mf

Dick-o-ry, dick-o-ry, dock; The

mf L.H.

mouse ran up the clock; The

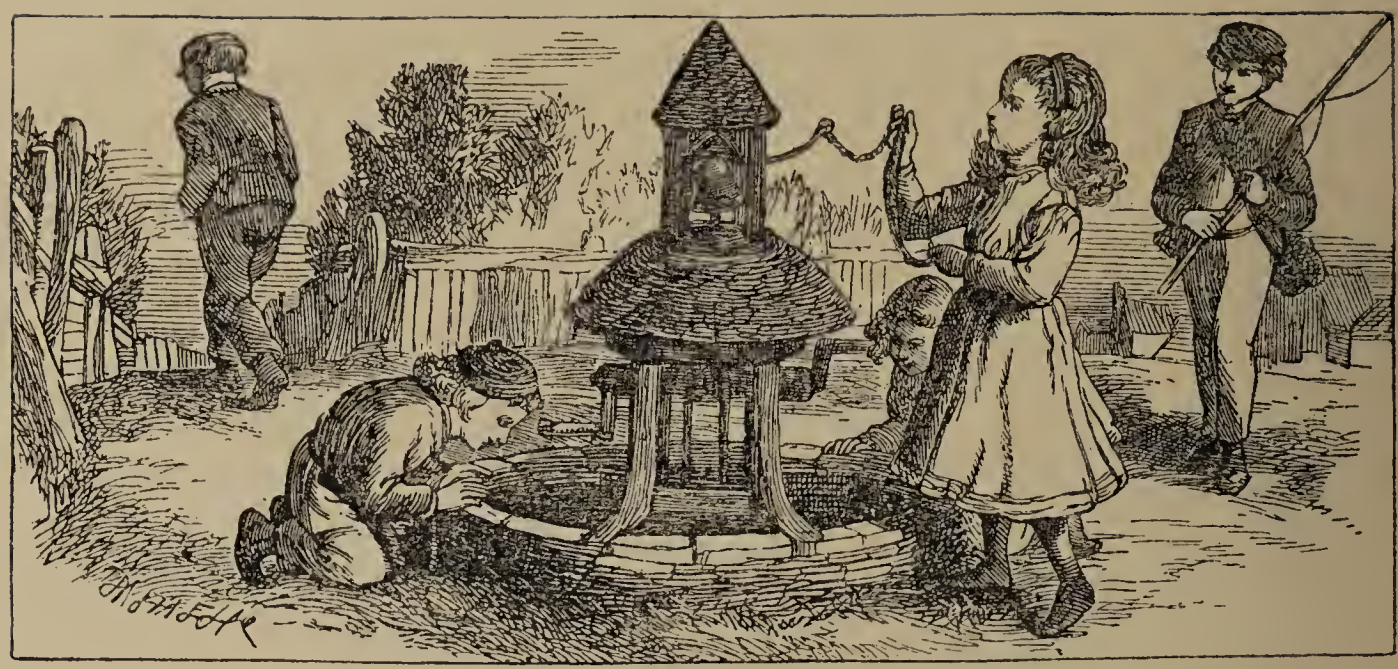
fz *fz*

clock struck One, The mouse ran down;

ten. *ten.*

Dick-o-ry, dick-o-ry, dock.

p *fz*



Ding, Dong, Bell.

Allegretto moderato.

Ding, dong, bell, Pus - sy's in the well; Who put her in?

Lit - tle John - ny Green; Who pull'd her out? Lit - tle Tommy Trout. What a

piu lento.

naugh - ty boy was that, To drown poor Pus - sy - Cat.

Affettuoso. *rallentando.*

pp e sos. *colla voce.*

Pussy-Cat, Pussy-Cat.

Allegro.

f

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been? I've been to London to visit the Queen.

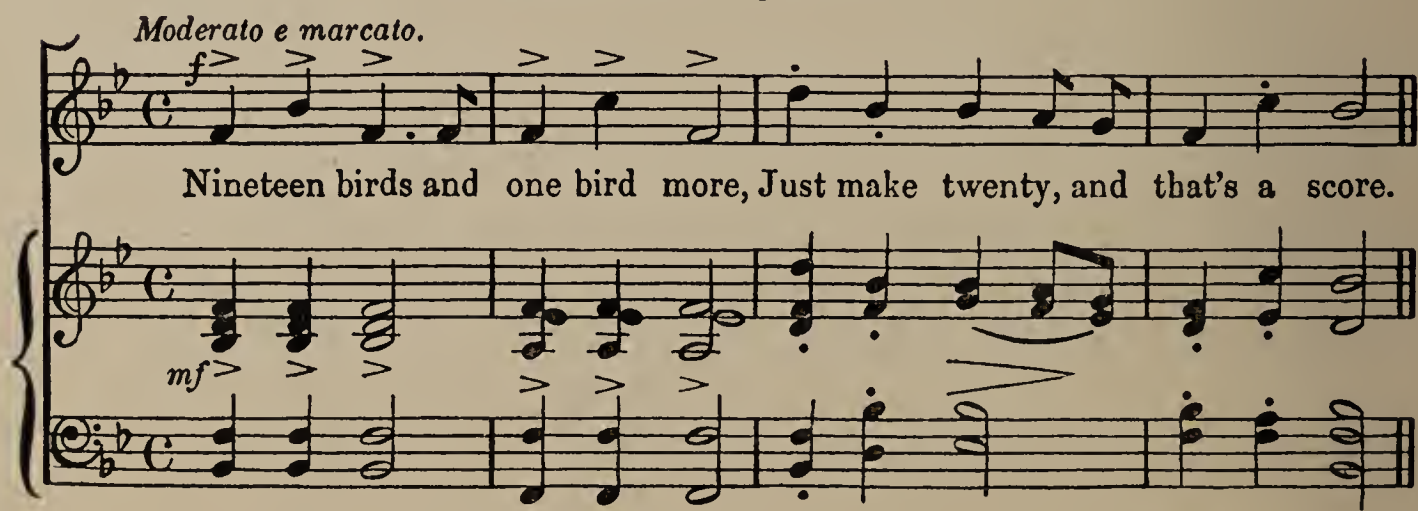
f

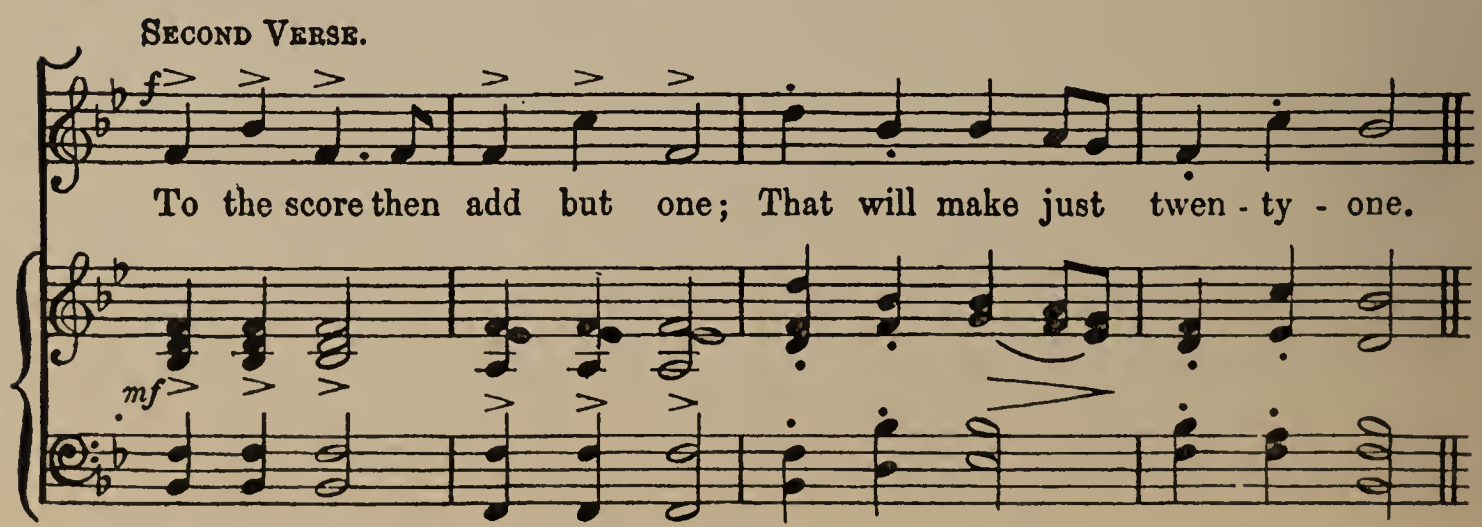
p *cres.* *f*

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there? I frighten'd a lit-tle mouse under her chair.

p *cres.* *f*

Nineteen Birds.





3. Now add two, and you will see
   You have made up twenty-three.

4. If you like these clever tricks,
   Add three more for twenty-six.

5. Then three more, if you have time;
   Now you've got to twenty-nine.

6. Twenty-nine now quickly take—
   Add one more and Thirty make.

The Child and the Star.

Andante con moto e tranquillo.

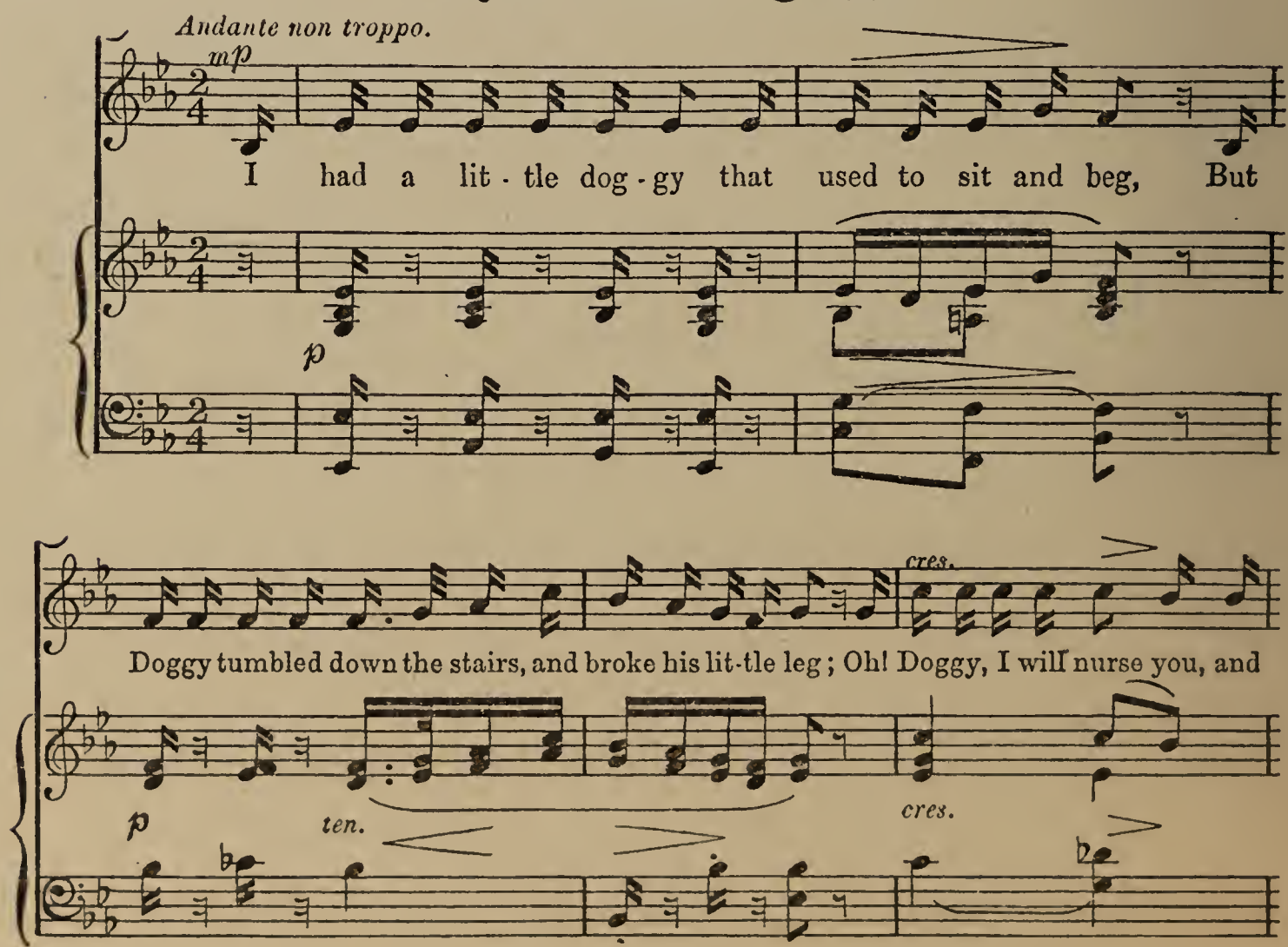
1. Little star that shines so bright, Come and peep at me to-night, For I of-ten watch for you In the pret-ty sky so blue.
2. Little star! O tell me, pray, Where you hide yourself all day? Have you got a home like me, And a fa-ther kind to see?

p *cres.* *ten.*

3. Little Child! at you I peep
While you lie so fast asleep;
But when morn begins to break,
I my homeward journey take.

4. For I've many friends on high,
Living with me in the sky;
And a loving Father, too,
Who commands what I'm to do.

I had a little Doggy.



cres *a tempo.*

try to make you well; And you shall have a collar with a pret-ty lit-tle bell.

p. *cres. e sos.* *p e stacc.*

SECOND AND THIRD VERSES.

mp

Ah! Dog-gy, don't you think you should ve - ry faith - ful be, For
But, Dog-gy, you must pro - mise (and mind your word you keep) Not

p

cres.

hav-ing such a lov-ing friend to comfort you as me. And when your leg is bet - ter, and
once to teaze the lit-tle lambs, or run among the sheep. And then the yel-low "chicks," that

p *ten.* *cres.*

cres. *a tempo.*

you can run and play, We'll have a scamper in the fields, and see them making hay.
play up-on the grass, You must not e-ven wag your tail to scare them as you pass.

p. *cres. e sos.* *p e stacc.*

Little Bo-Peep.

Andante quasi Allegretto.

p

Lit-tle Bo-Peep has lost her sheep, And can't tell where to find them;

p

cres. *f* *dim.*

Leave them a-lone, and they'll come home, Wagging their tails be-hind them.

cres. *fz* *dim.*

SECOND VERSE.

p

Lit-tle Bo-Peep fell fast a-sleep, And dreamt she heard them bleat-ing;

p

cres *f*

When she a-woke, 'twas all a joke— Ah! cru-el vi-sion so fleet-ing.

cres. *fz* *dim.*

THIRD VERSE.

mf

Then up she took her lit-tle crook, De-ter-mined for to find them;

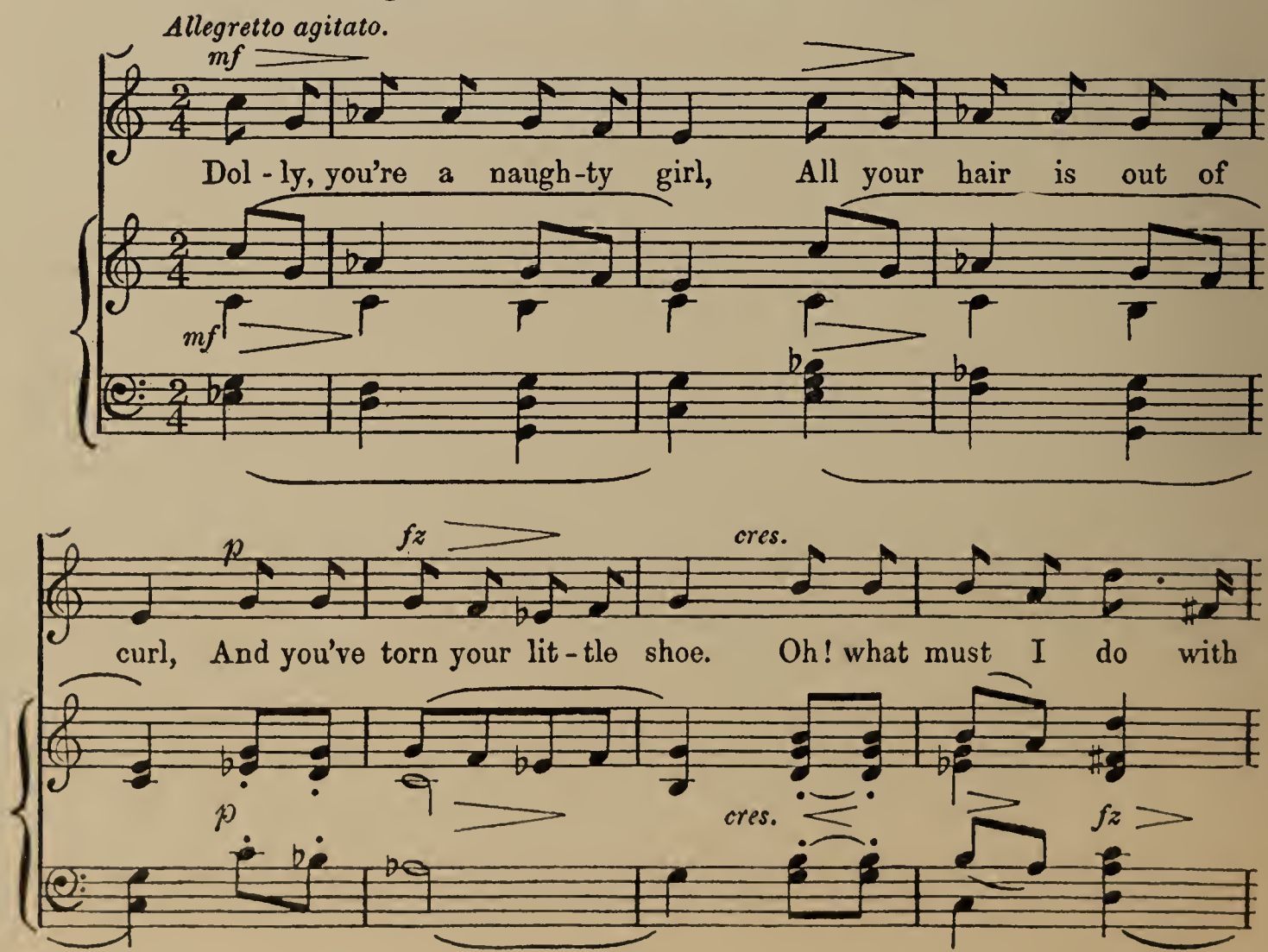
mf

cres *f*

What was her joy to be-hold them nigh, Wagging their tails be-hind them.

cres. *fz* *dim.*

Dolly and her Mamma.



lento. *pp* *rit. ad lib.*

you? You shall on - lv have dry bread, Dol - ly, you shall go to bed.

lento. *pp e sos.* *colla voce.*

SECOND AND THIRD VERSES.

mf

Do you hear, Miss, what I say? Are you go - ing to o
But I mean to try and grow All Mam - ma can wish, you

mf

p *cres.*

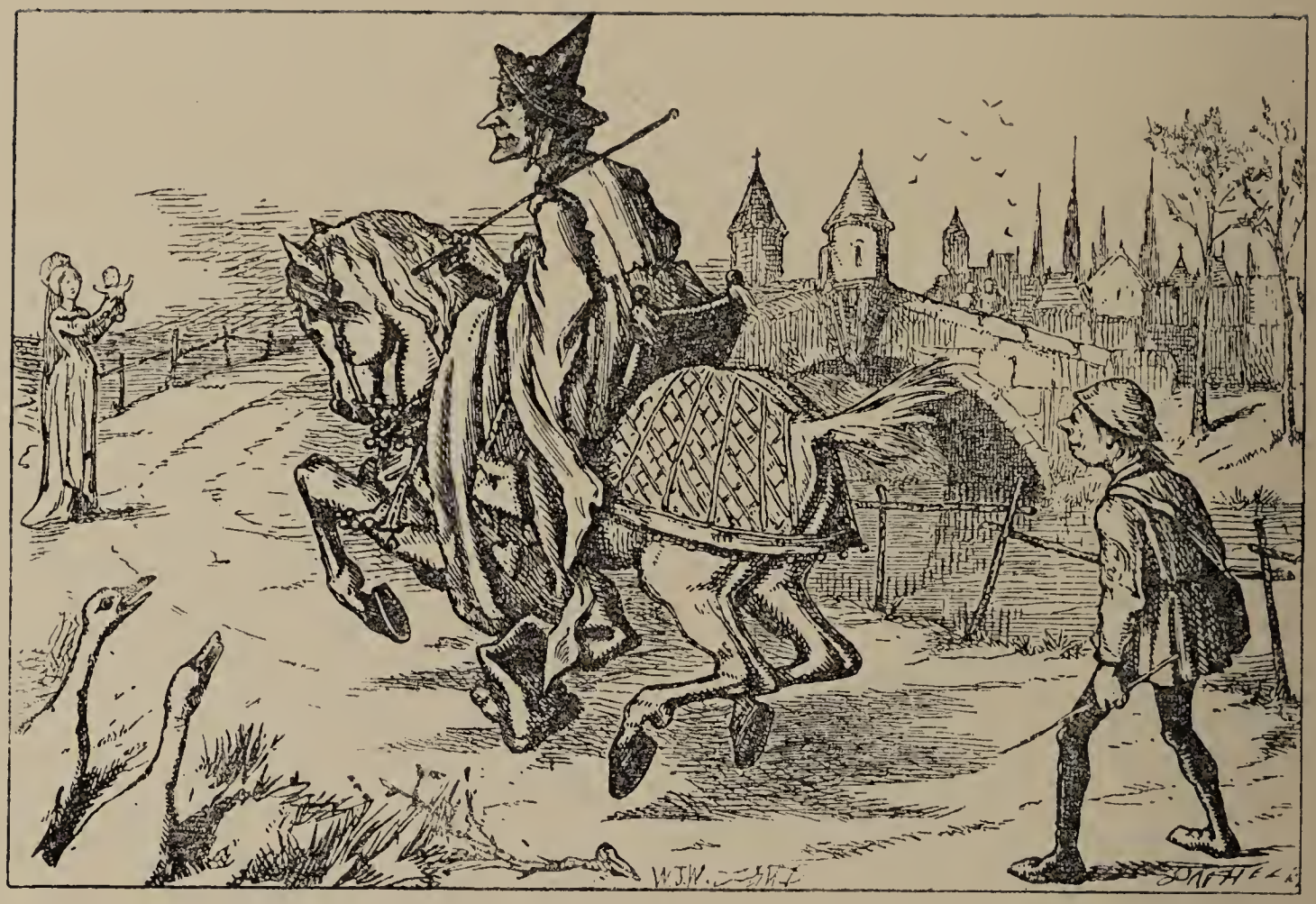
bey? That's what Mo - ther says to me, So I know it's right, you
know; Ne - ver in - to pas - sions fly, Or, when thwarted, sulk and

p *cres.* *fz*

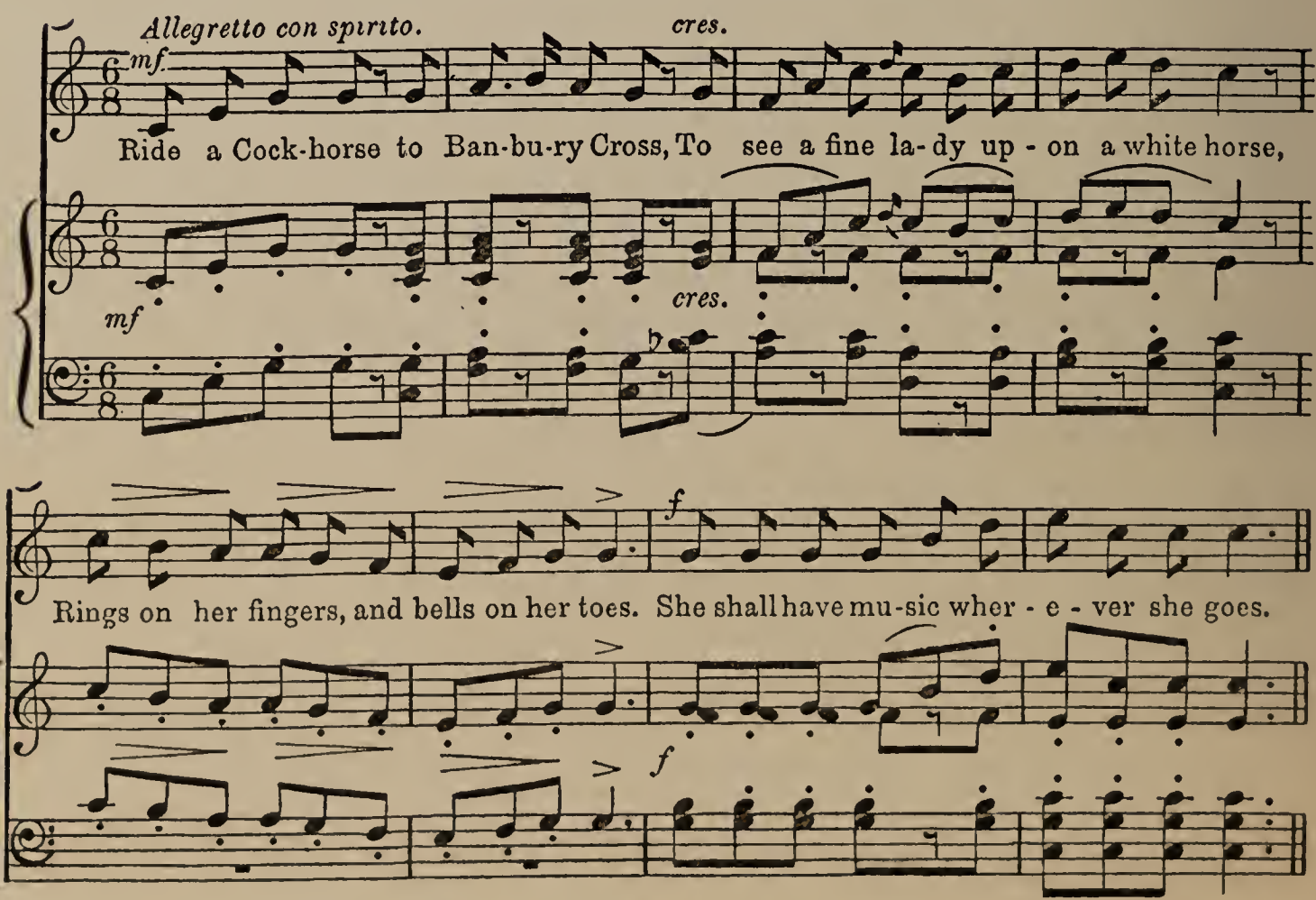
pp *lento.* *rit. ad lib.*

see; For some-times *I'm* naughty, too, Dol - ly, dear, as well as you.
cry. So, my Dol - ly, you must be Good and gen-tle, just like me.

lento. *pp e sos.* *colla voce.*



Ride a Cock-horse to Banbury Cross.



Little maid, pretty maid.

Andante quasi allegretto.
mp sostenuto.

'Lit-tle maid, pret-ty maid, Whither goest thou?' 'Down in the meadow to milk my cow.'

mp

p *ten.* *p* *cres.* *poco rit.*

'Shall I go with thee?' 'No, not now; When I send for thee, then come thou.'

p *ten.* *p* *cres.* *f* *ten.*

Whittington for ever.

Moderato.
Time well marked.

mf

Whit - ting- ton for e - ver, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah!

mf

ten.

Lord Mayor of Lon - don, Hur - rah! Hur- rah! Hur - rah! Hur -

- - rah! Hur-rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur -

- rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Whit-ting-ton for e- ver, Lord Mayor of London, Hur -

stacc.

cres. a tempo.

- rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur-rah! Hur- rah! Hur - rah!

cres. stacc.

Little Jack Horner.

Allegretto con moto.

mf

Little Jack Hor-ner Sat in a cor - ner, Eating a Christ-mas pie; He

mf

8ves.

f *rit. ad lib.*

put in his thumb, And pull'd out a plum, And said, "What a good boy am I!"

f

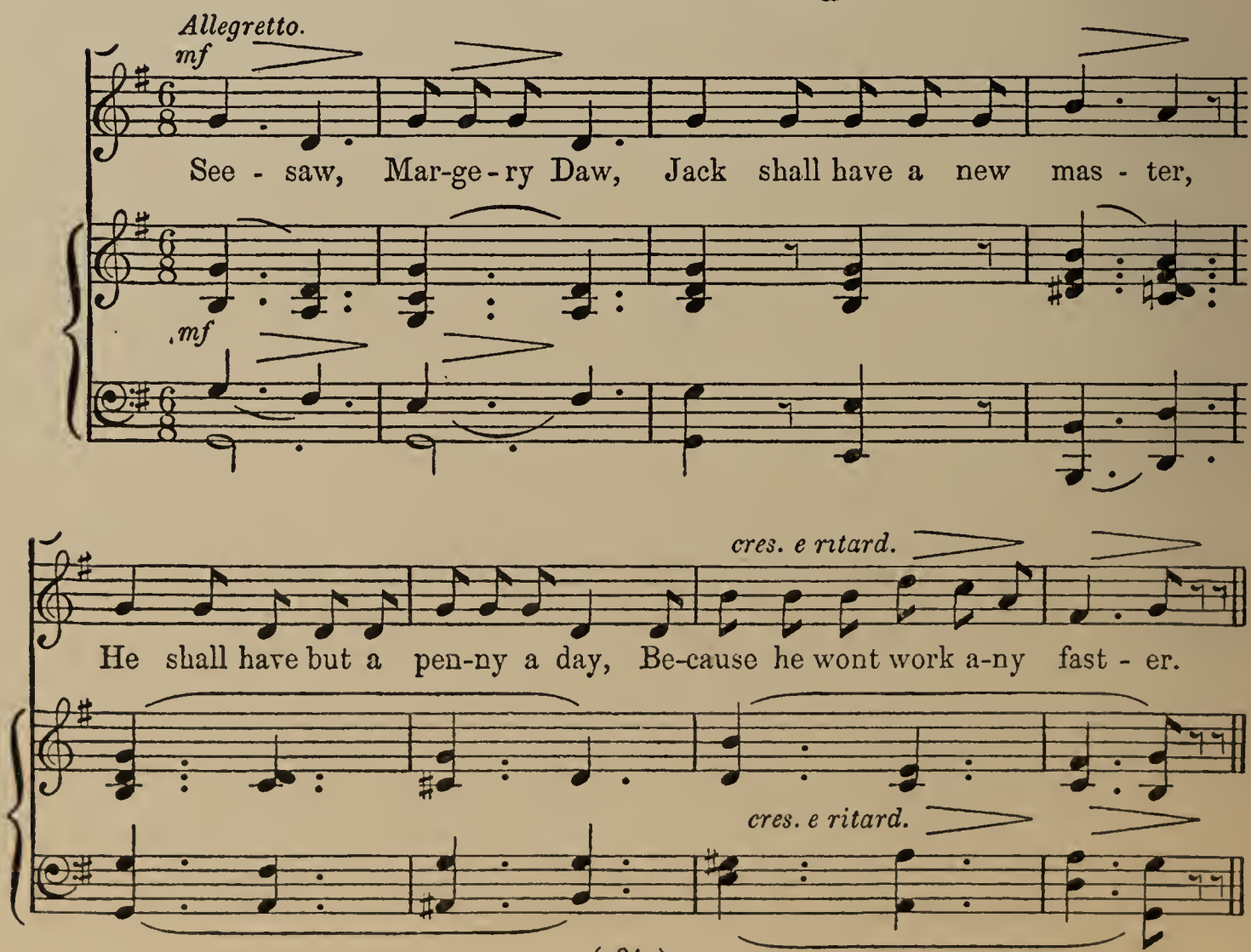
Tom, the Piper's Son.

Allegretto e marcato.

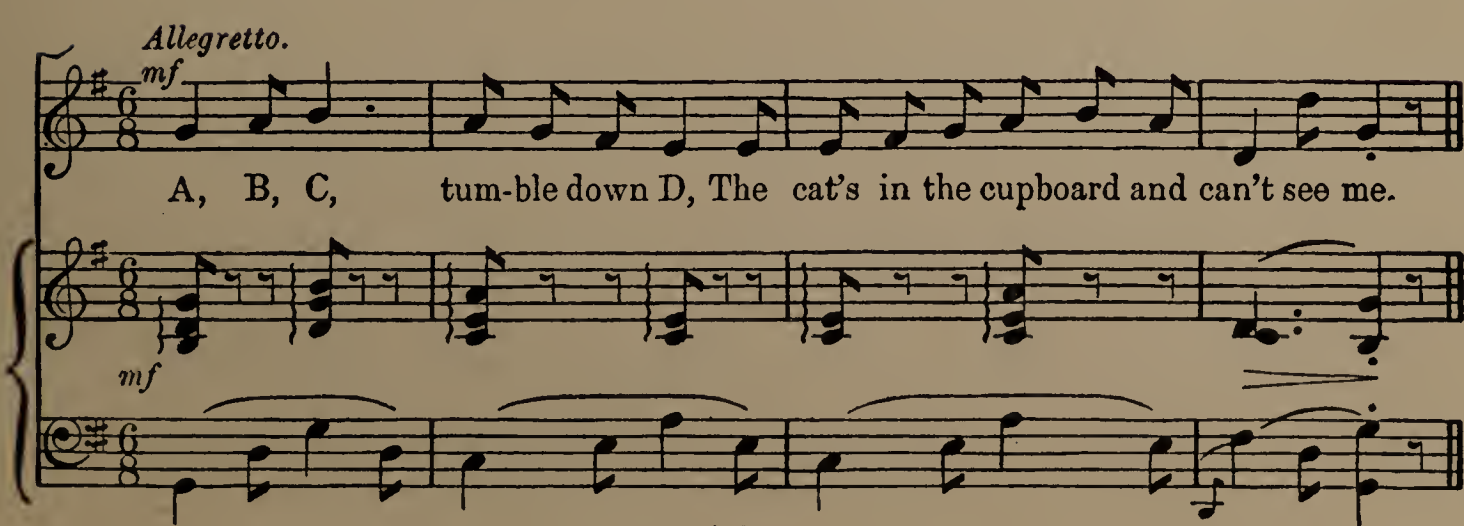
Tom, Tom, the pi - per's son, Stole a pig, and a - way he run! The

pig was eat, And Tom was beat, Which sent him howling down the street.

See-saw, Margery Daw.



A, B, C, tumble down D.



Goosey, goosey gander.

Andante con moto.

mp

Goo - sey, goo - sey gan - der, Whi - ther shall I wan - der?

mp

poco cres. *p* *cres.*

Up stairs and down stairs, And in my la-dy's chamber; There I met an old man, Who

poco cres. *p*

f

would not say his prayers; I took him by the left leg, And threw him down the stairs.

fz *mf* *f* *fz*

Little jumping Joan.

Moderato con moto. *f* *dim.* *cres.*

Here am I, lit - tle jump - ing Joan; When

f *fz*

no - bo - dy's with me, I'm al - ways a - lone.

p *fz*

There was a Crooked Man.

Allegretto moderato.

mf

There was a crook-ed man, and he went a crook-ed mile, He

mp

cres.

found a crook-ed sixpence up - on a crook-ed stile: He bought a crook-ed cat, which

cres.

f *fz* *dim.*

caught a crooked mouse, And they all liv'd to - gether in a crooked lit-tle house.

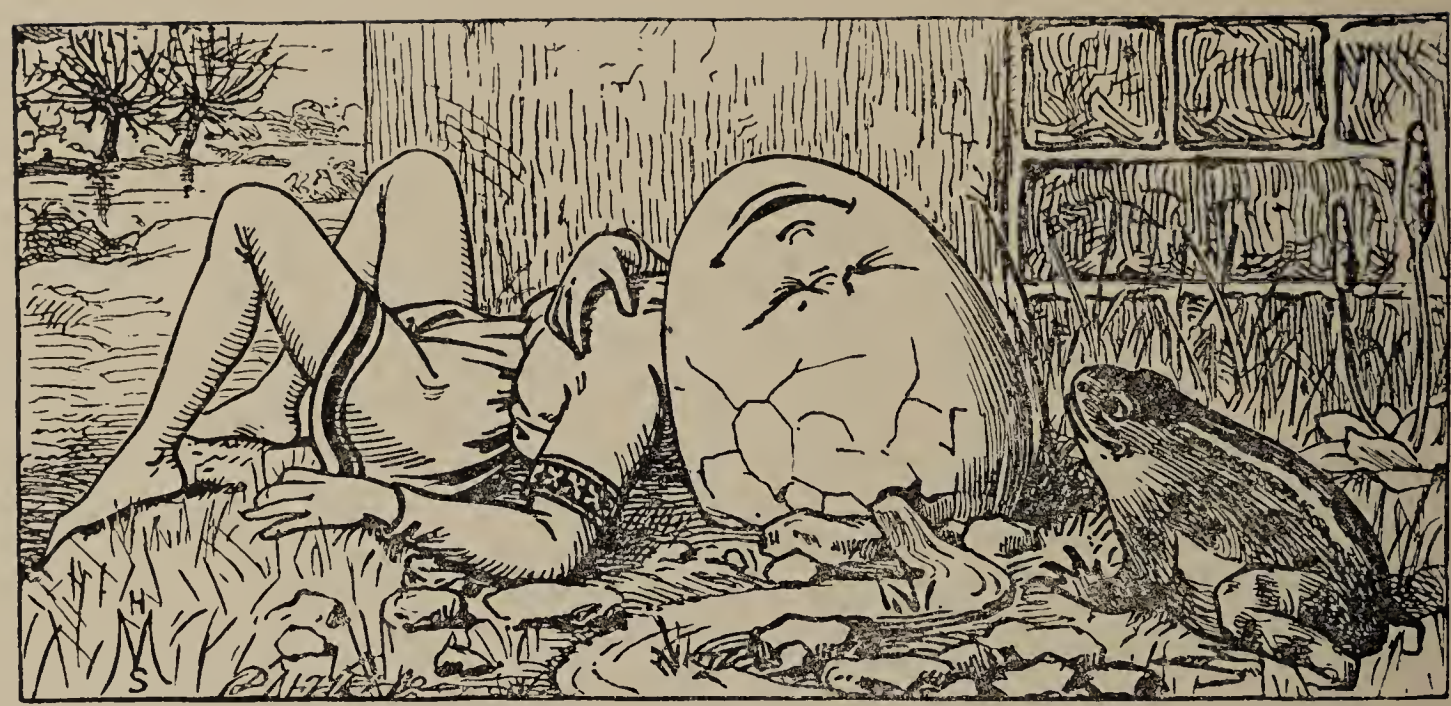
f *fz* *dim.*

Poor Dog Bright.

Allegretto moderato.

Poor Dog Bright, Ran off with all his might, Be - cause the Cat was af - ter him, Poor Dog Bright.

Poor Cat Fright, Ran off with all her might, Be - cause the Dog was af - ter her, Poor Cat Fright.



Humpty Dumpty.

Allegretto.

p

Hump - ty Dump - ty, sat on a wall, Hump - ty Dump - ty

p

had a great fall: All the king's horses, and all the king's men,

cres.

cres.

Could-n't put Hump - ty Dump - ty to - ge - - ther a - gain.

p *cres.*

p ten. *ten.* *fz* *fp*

Simple Simon.

Allegro moderato.

mf *ten.* *f*

1. Sim - ple Si - mon met a pie-man Go - ing to the fair; Says
2. Says the man to Sim - ple Si-mon, "Do you mean to pay?" Says

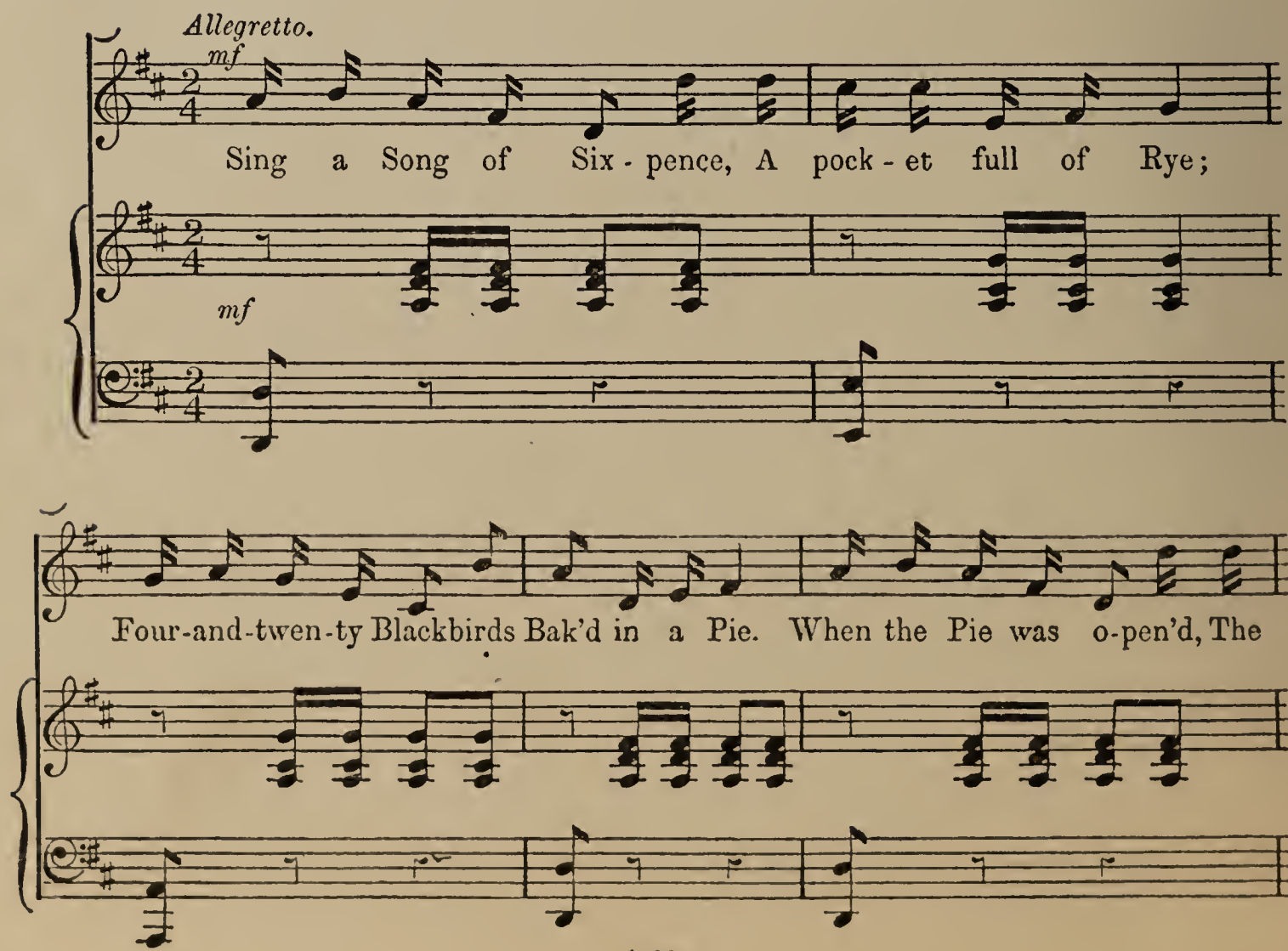
mf *ten.* *f*

f

Sim - ple Si - mon to the pie - man, "Let me taste your ware."
Si - mon, "Yes, of course I do," And then he ran a - way!

f

Sing a Song of Sixpence.



Birds be-gan to sing; Was-n't that a dain-ty dish To set be-fore a King?

SECOND VERSE.

mf

The King was in the count-ing-house, Count-ing out his mo-ney; The

ten.

mp

Queen was in the Parlour, Eat-ing bread and ho-ney; The maid was in the gar-den,

ten.

rallentando.

Hanging out the clothes; There came a lit-tle Dick-y Bird, And popp'd up-on her nose!

ten.

rallentando.

The Nurse's Song.

Allegretto moderato.

mp

1. Dance a ba - by, did - dy; What can Mammy do wid 'e? . .
2. Smile, my ba - by bon - ny; What will time bring on 'e? . .

p.

cres.

Sit in a lap, Give it some pap, And dance a ba - by did - dy. . .
Sor-row and care, Frowns and grey hair; So smile, my ba - by bon - ny. . .

cres. *fz* *p*

THIRD VERSE.

mp

Laugh, my ba - by, beau-ty; . . What will time do to ye? .

p

cres.

Furrow your cheek, Wrinkle your neck; So laugh, my ba - by, beau-ty. . .

cres. *fz* *p*

FOURTH VERSE.

mp

Dance, my ba - by, dear - y; . . . Mother will never be wea - ry. . .

p

cres.

Fro-lic and play, Now while you may; So dance, my ba - by, dear - y. . .

cres. *fz* *p*

Six little Snails.

Allegretto e marcato.

mf

Six lit - tle Snails Liv'd in a tree,

mf

John - ny threw a big stone, Down came three.

f

The King of France.

Allegretto moderato.

With decision.

The King of France, and four thou sand men, Drew their swords, and put them up a - gain.

My Lady Wind.

Moderato e marcato.

mf

1. My la - dy wind, my la - dy wind, Went round a-bout the house to find A
2. And then one night, when it was dark, She blew up such a ti - ny spark That

mf *tremolo.*

cres.

chink to get her foot in, her foot in; She tried the key-hole in the door, She
all the house was pother'd, was po - ther'd: From it she rais'd up such a flame, As

sostenuto.

f

tried the cre-vice in the floor, And drove the chim-ney soot in, the soot in.
flam'd a-way to Belt-ing Lane, And White Cross folks were smother'd, were smo - ther'd.

cres. *f*

THIRD VERSE.

mf

And thus when once, my lit - tle dears, A whis-per reach-es itch - ing ears, The

mf *tremolo.*

dim. *cres.*

same will come, you'll find, you'll find; . . . Take my ad-vice, restrain the tongue, Re -

sostenuto.

f *f* *ad lib.*

- mem-ber what old Nurse has sung Of bu - sy la - dy wind, la - dy wind. . .

cres. *f* *colla voce.*

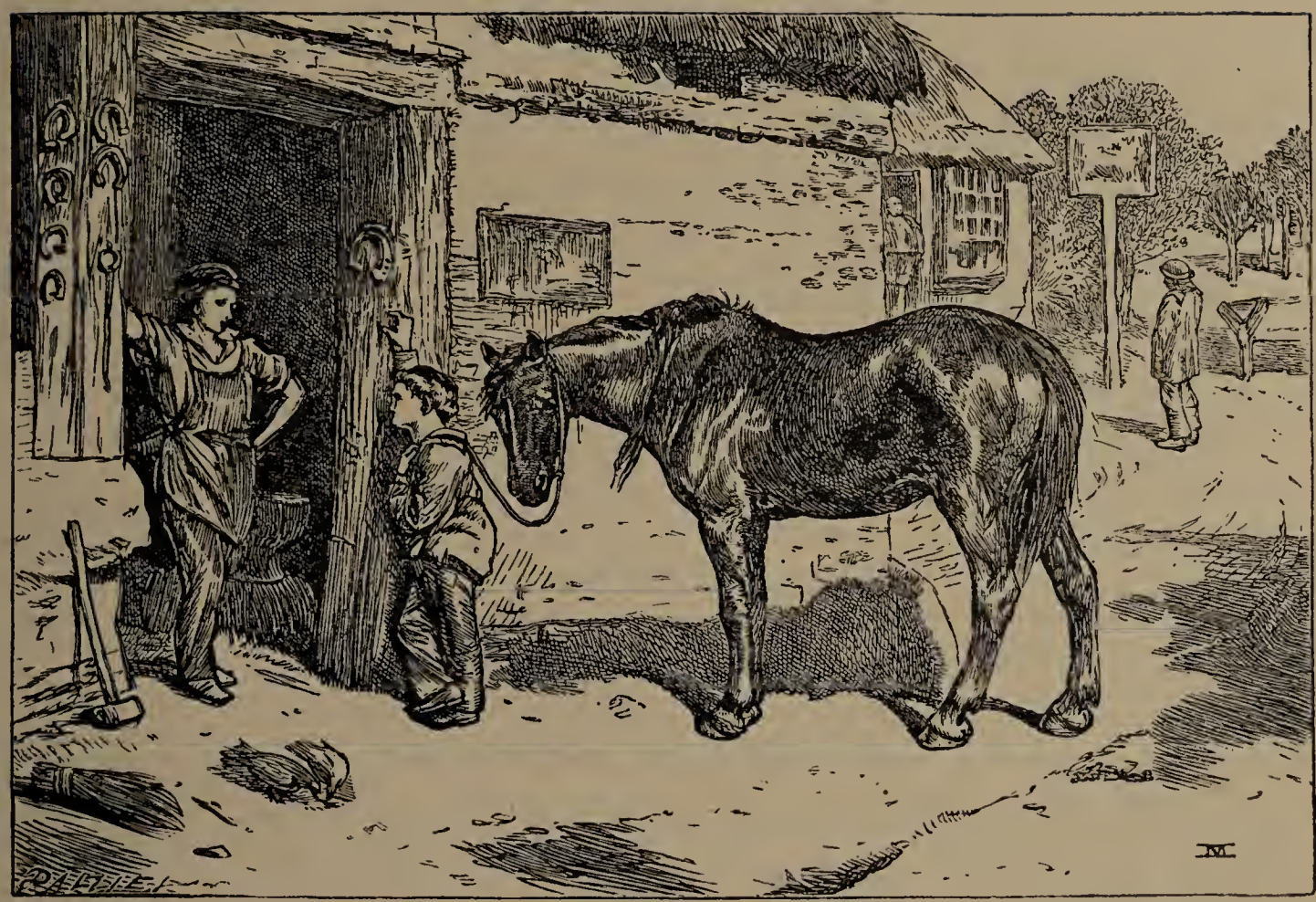
The Feast of Lanterns.

Allegretto e marcato.

Tching - a - ring - a - ring - tching, Feast of Lan - terns,

What a lot of chop-sticks, bombs and gongs; Four-and-twen - ty thou- sand

crink- um-crank-ums, All a - mong the bells and the ding - dongs.



Is John Smith within?

Andante con moto.
Time well marked.

p *mf* *p* *f*

Is John Smith within?—Yes, that he is. Can he set a shoe?–Ay, mar-ry, two,

p *mf* *p* *f*

p e scherzo.

sf *fz* *ten.* *fz* *fz* *ten.*

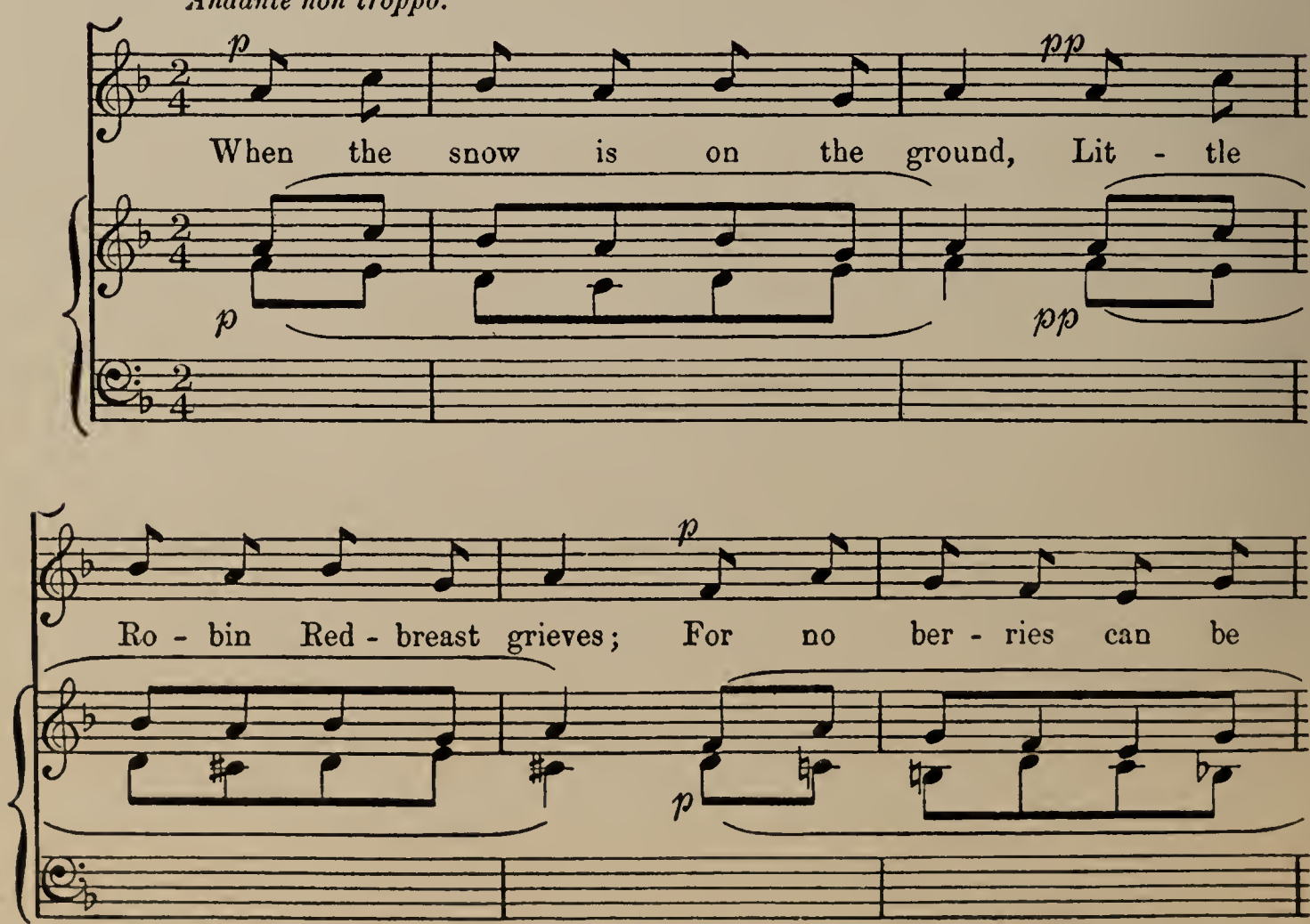
Here a nail, there a nail, Tick tack, too, Here a nail, there a nail, Tick, tack, too.

ten. *ten.*

p e scherzo.

When the snow is on the ground.

Andante non troppo.



poco cres. *p*

found, And on the trees there are no leaves. The

poco cres.

cres. *fz*

air is cold, the worms are hid, For this poor bird what

p e sos. *cres.* *fz*

dim. *cres.*

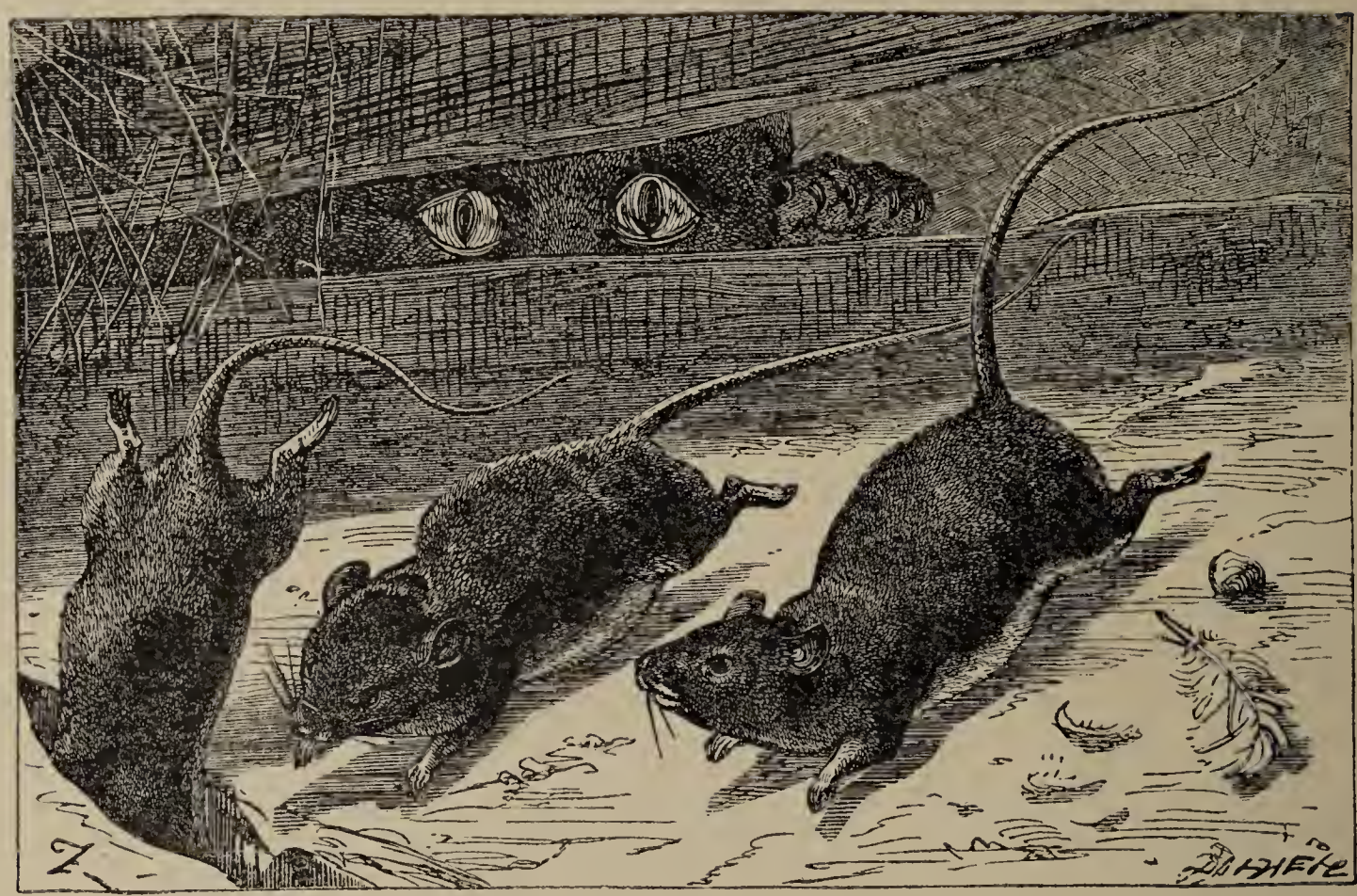
can be done? We'll strew him here some crumbs of bread, And

dim. *cres.*

p

then he'll live till the snow is gone.

p



Three little mice.

Allegretto scherzando. *p* *cres.*

Three lit-tle mice crept out to see What they could find to have for tea (For

p

Slower. *p*

they were dain - ty, sau - cy mice, And lik'd to nib- ble something nice), But

cres. *p*

a tempo. *f*

Pussy's eyes, so big and bright, Soon sent them scampering off in a fright.

fz p *poco rit.* *a tempo.* *cres.* *f* *fz*

SECOND VERSE.

p *cres.*

Three Tabby Cats went forth to mouse, And said, "Let's have a gay carouse." For

p

Slower. *p*

they were handsome, ac - tive cats, And famed for catching mice and rats. But

cres. *p*

a tempo. *f*

savage dogs, disposed to bite, These cats declined to encounter in fight.

fz p *poco rit.* *a tempo.* *cres.* *f* *fz*

Little Tommy Tucker.

Allegretto.

mf

Lit - tle Tom - my Tuck - er, Sing for your sup - per.

mf

fz *p*

What shall he sing for? White bread and but - ter. How can he cut it With -

fz *p e staccato.*

f

- out a - ny knife? How can he mar - ry With - out a - ny wife?

f

The North wind doth blow.

Andante espressivo.

p *sos.* *cres.* *mf*

The North wind doth blow, And we shall have snow, And

p sos. *cres.* *mf*

dim. *p* *cres.*

What will poor Ro - bin do then? He'll sit in the barn, And

dim. *p* *cres.*

dim. *pp*

keep him - self warm, And tuck his head un - der his wing. Poor thing!

pp

The Man in the Moon.

f *Moderato.*

The Man in the Moon Came down too soon, And asked his way to

f *e marcato.*

Nor-wich; He went by the south, And burnt his mouth With eat-ing cold plum-porridge.

Taffy was a Welshman.

Allegretto.

mp *f*

Taf - fy was a Welsh - man, Taf - fy was a thief,

mp *f* *ten.*

SECOND VERSE.

mf *mf*

Taf- fy came to my house, And stole a piece of beef. Then I went to his house,

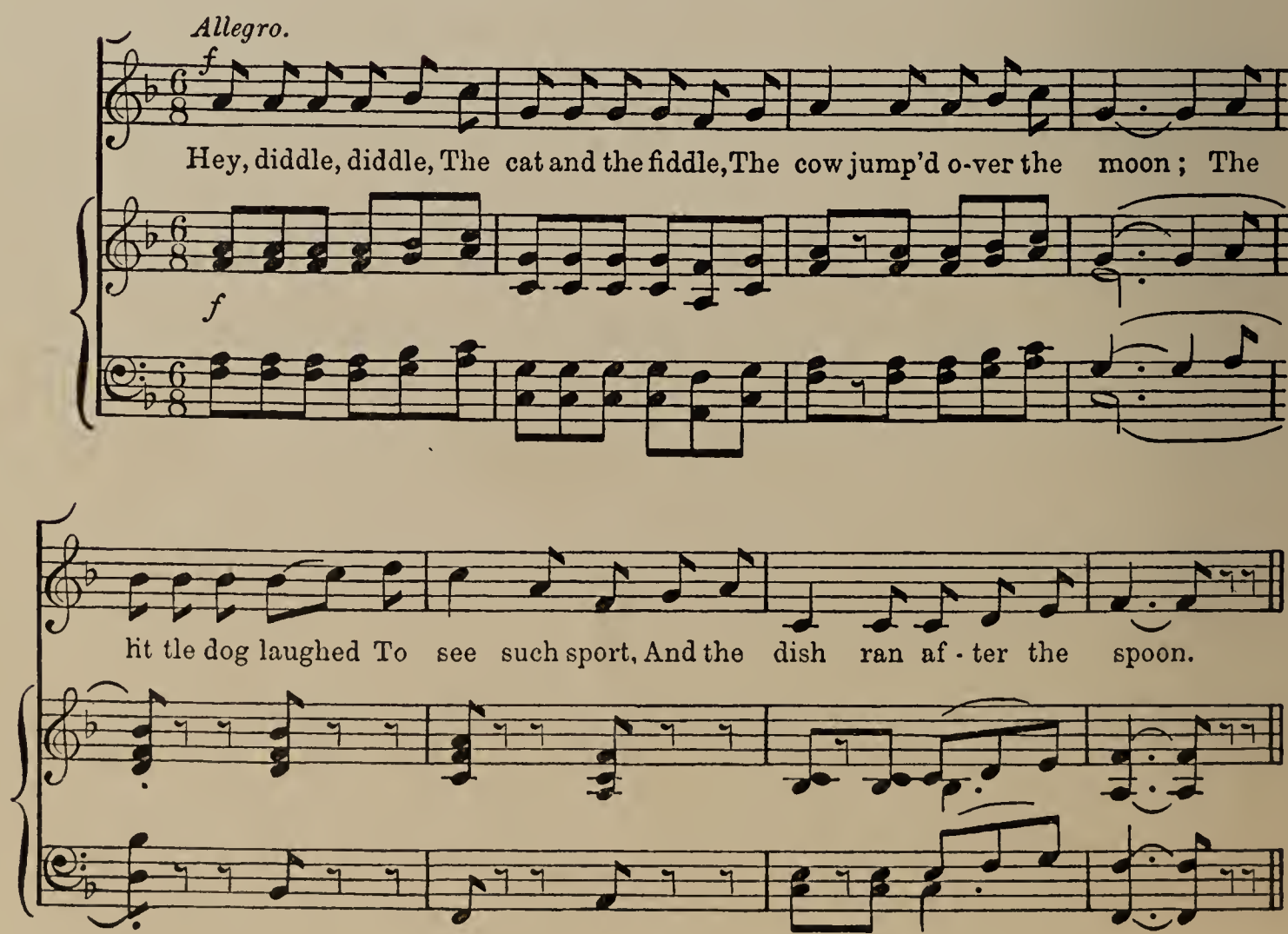
mf *mf*

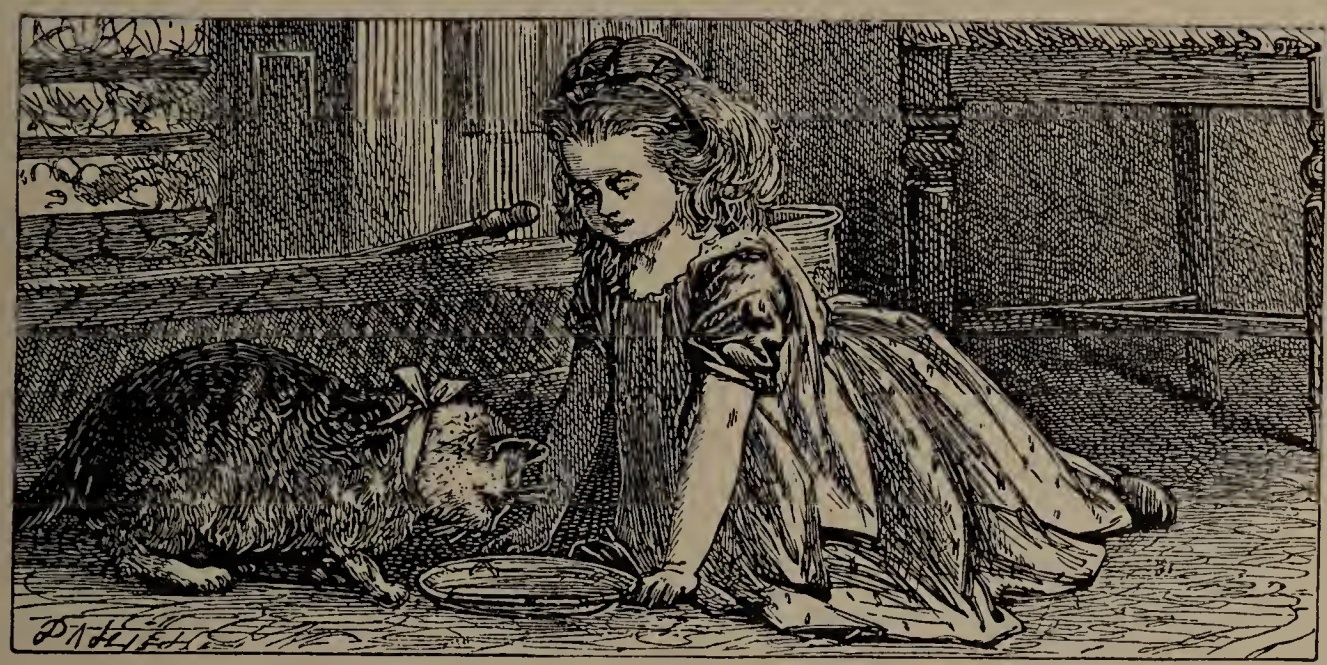
p *mf*

Taf- fy was from home, Taf-fy came to my house, And stole a mar - row bone.

p *ten.* *mf*

Hey, diddle diddle.





I love little Pussy.

Andante non troppo.
With tenderness.

p

I love lit - tle Pus - sy, her coat is so warm, And

p

if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm. I'll sit by the fire and

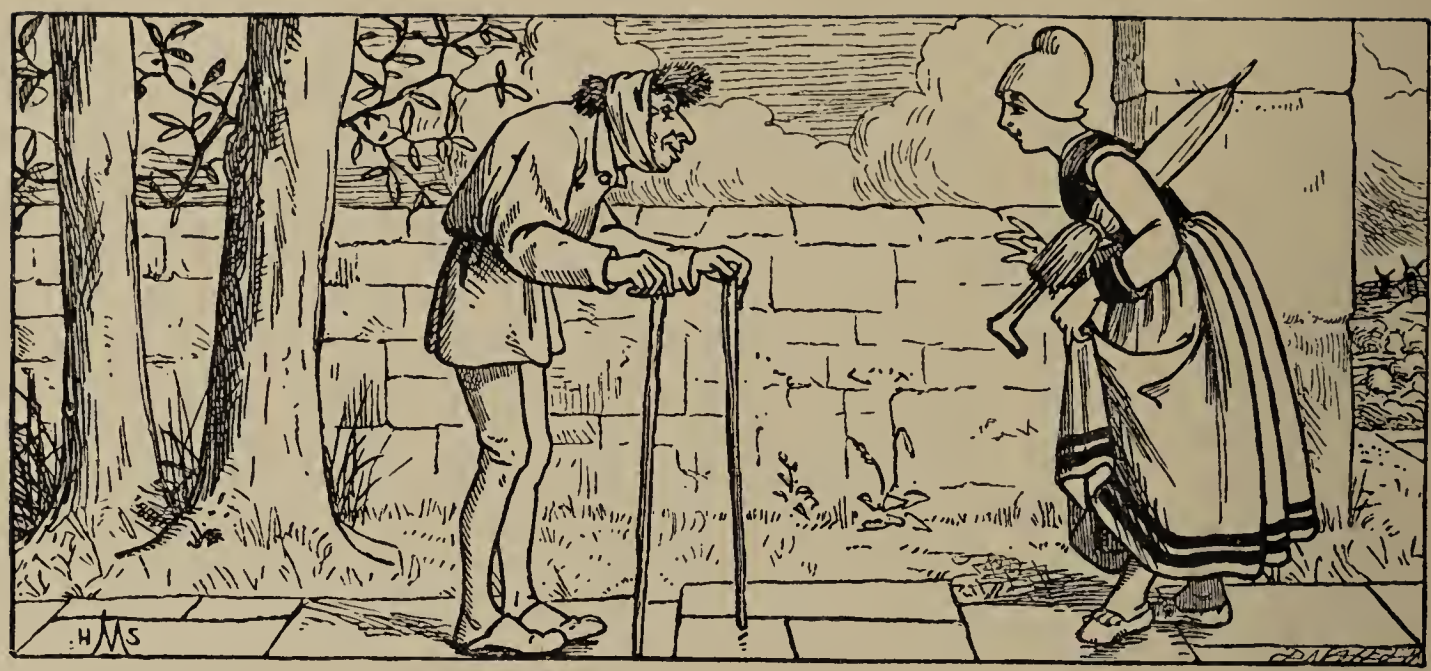
ten.

ten.

cres. *dim. e ritard.*

give her some food, And Pus - sy will love me, be - cause I am good.

fz *fz* *p* *pp*



The Old Man Clothed in Leather.

Moderato.

mf

One mist - y, moist - y morn - ing, When cloud - y was the

mf

wea - ther, O there I met an old man cloth-ed all in lea - ther,

f *mp* *mf*

Cloth-ed all in lea - ther, With cap un-der his chin, O how d'ye do? and

f *mp* *mf*

mf SECOND VERSE.

how d'ye do? And how d'ye do, a - gain? I shook his hand at

part - ing, Tho' cloud - y was the wea - ther, This im - be - cile old "par - ty,"

Cloth-ed all in lea-ther, Cloth-ed all in lea-ther, With cap un - der his

chin: O fare - thee-well, and fare-thee-well, And fare - thee-well a - gain.

Curly Locks!

Andante.

p

Cur - ly locks! cur - ly locks! wilt thou be mine? Thou

p e sostenuto.

cres.

p

shalt not wash dish- es nor yet feed the swine; But sit on a cushion, and

fz

p

f

p

sew a fine seam, And feast up - on straw-ber-ries, su - gar, and cream.

cres.

f

p

The Lazy Cat.

Allegretto.

mp

Pus - sy, where have you been to day? In the meadows a- sleep in the hay.

mp

cres.

f

Pus - sy, you are a la - zy Cat, If you have done no more than that.

cres.

f

Three Children Sliding.

Andante quasi allegretto.

mf

Three chil-dren sli - ding on the ice, All on a sum-mer's

mf

R.H. L.H.

poco rit.

day, As it fell out they all fell in, The rest they ran a - way.

poco rit.

May be sung as a Four-part Song

SECOND VERSE.

mf

Now had these chil - dren been at home, Or slid - ing on dry

mf

R.H. L.H.

poco rit.

ground, Ten thousand pounds to one pen - ny They had not all been drowned.

poco rit.

THIRD VERSE.

mf

You pa - rents all that chil-dren have, And you, too, that have

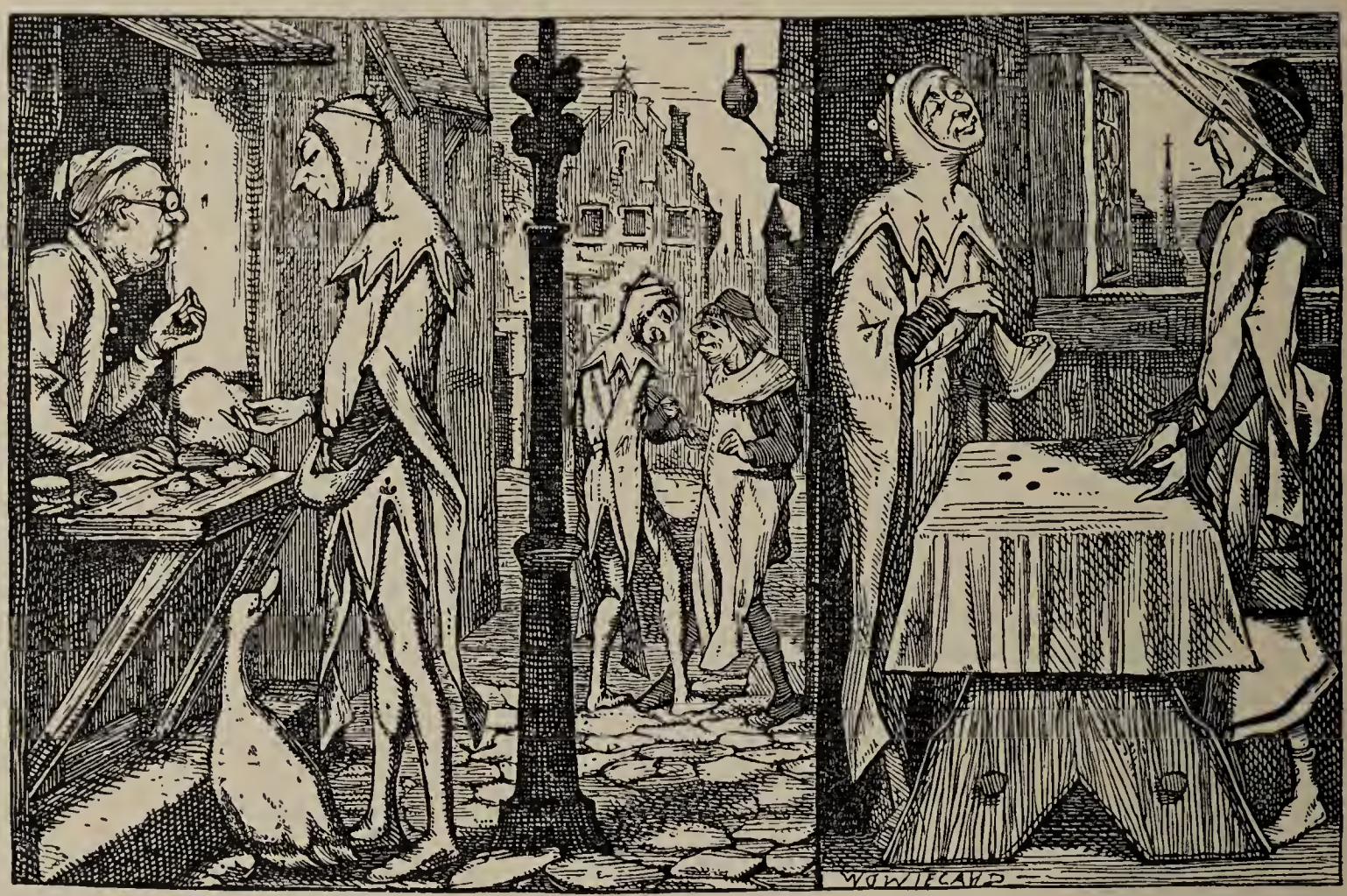
mf.

R.H. L.H.

poco rit.

none, If you would have them safe abroad, Pray keep them safe at home.

poco rit.



The Jolly Tester.

Andante con moto.

mp

Oh, my lit - tle six - pence, my pret - ty lit - tle six - pence,

mp

mp

I love six-pence bet-ter than my life; I spent a pen - ny of it, I

mp

cres.

lent an - o - ther, And I took four-pence home to my wife.

cres.

SECOND AND THIRD VERSES.

mp

Oh my lit - tle four - pence, my pret - ty lit - tle four - pence,
Oh my lit - tle two - pence, my pret - ty lit - tle two - pence,

mp

mp

I love fourpence bet-ter than my life; I spent a pen - ny of it, I
I love twopence bet-ter than my life; I spent a pen - ny of it, I

mp

cres.

lent an - o - ther, And I took two-pence home to my wife.
lent an - o - ther, And I took no - thing home to my wife.

cres.

FOURTH VERSE.

mf

Oh, my lit - tle no - thing, my pret - ty lit - tle no - thing:

mf

cres.

What will no - thing buy for my wife? I have no - thing,

cres.

fz *molto ritard.* *f*

I spend no - thing, I love no-thing bet - ter than my wife.

fz. *molto ritard.*

Georgie Porgie.

Allegretto moderato.

sempre legato.

mp

Geor-gie Por-gie, pudding and pie, Kiss'd the girls and made them cry;

mp

f

dim.

When the girls came out to play, Geor-gie Por-gie ran a-way.

f

dim.

The Three Crows.

Allegretto.

Solo. *(ad lib.)* — Chorus.

mp — *f*

Three Crows there were once who sat on a stone, Fal

mp e stacc. — *f*

Solo.

mp

la la la la la. . . . But two flew a - way, and

mp

THE THREE CROWS

Chorus. Solo.

f *mp*

then there was one. Fal la la la la la. . . . The

f *mp*

f *mf*

o- ther Crow felt so ti - mid a- lone, Fal la la la la la, . . . That

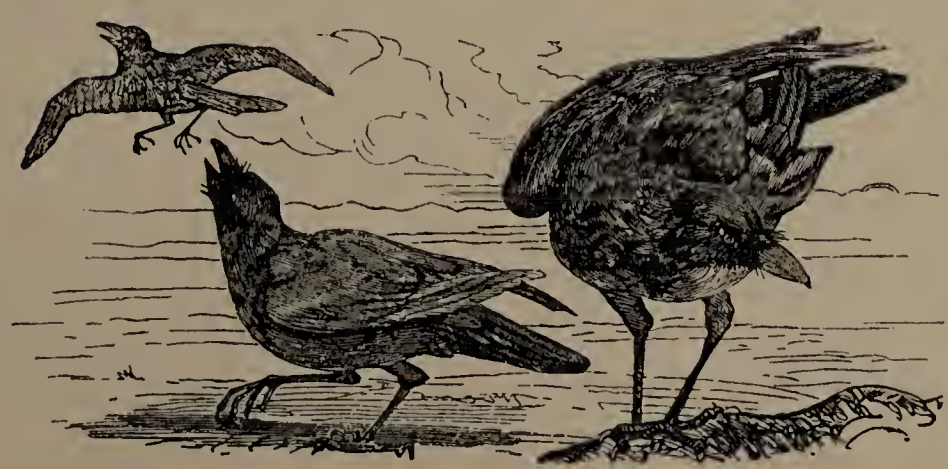
stacc. *f* *mf*

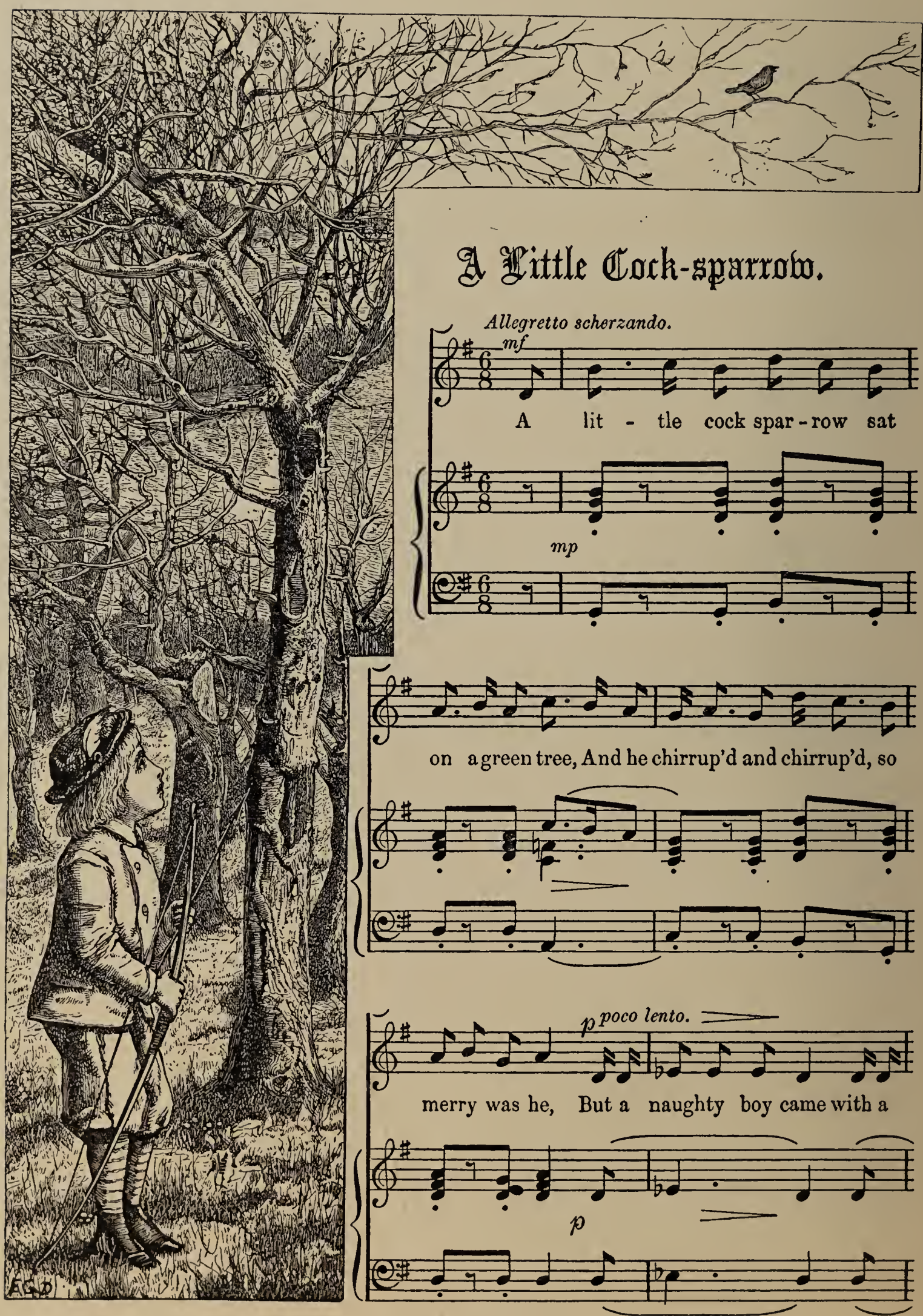
Chorus.

ff

he flew a - way, and then there was none. Fal la la la la la. . .

fz *ff*




A Little Cock-sparrow.
Allegretto scherzando.
mf
A lit - tle cock spar - row sat
mp
on a green tree, And he chirrup'd and chirrup'd, so
p poco lento.
merry was he, But a naughty boy came with a
p

a tempo 1mo. *mf* *fz* *dim.*

small bow and arrow, De - ter-min'd to shoot this lit - tle cock spar-row.

mf *fz* *dim.* *p*

SECOND VERSE.

mf

"This lit-tle cock sparrow shall make me a stew," Said this naughty boy, "Yes, and a

mp

poco lento. *p* *a tempo 1mo.* *rit.* *mf*

lit - tle pie, too." "Oh! no," said the sparrow, "I *won't* make a stew," So he

p *fz* *rit.* *mf a tempo*

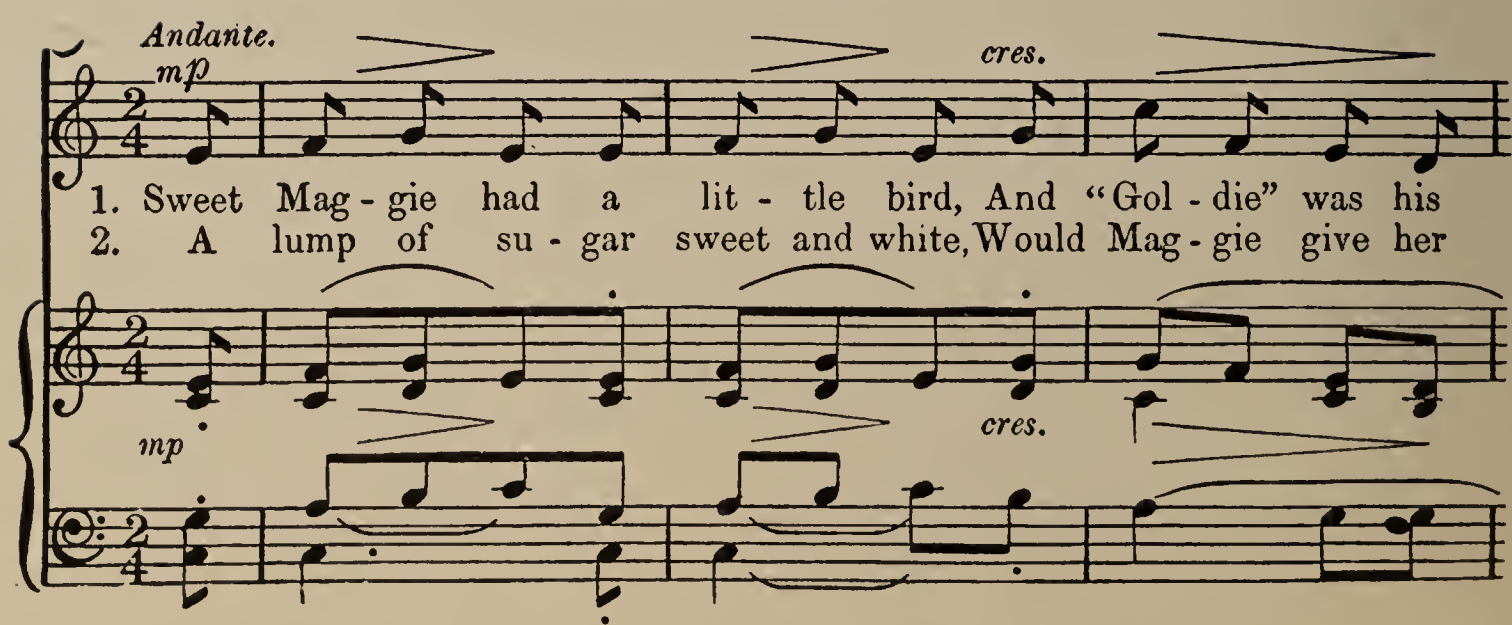
accel°. *fz* *mp*

flutter'd his wings and a - way he flew.

con moto.

accel°. *fz* *mp* *mf* *fz* *p*

Maggie's Pet.


Andante.
mp
cres.
1. Sweet Mag - gie had a lit - tle bird, And "Gol - die" was his
2. A lump of su - gar sweet and white, Would Mag - gie give her
mp
cres.

cres.

name, And on her hand he used to sit, He was so ve - ry
Dick, And then she'd watch how ea - ger - ly He'd fly to it and

cres.

dim. *poco cres.*

tame. Her ro - sy lips he'd of - ten peck, Which meant a lov - ing
peck: And such a mer - ry song he'd sing, To thank her for the

dim. e sos. *poco cres.*

cres. *f* *p* *dim. e poco rit.*

kiss. Oh! would not you de - light to have A pret - ty bird like this.
treat, For lit - tle birds (like lit - tle girls) Love something nice to eat.

f *p* *dim.*

THIRD VERSE.

mp *cres.*

A - las! one day a hun - gry cat, With ve - ry spite - ful

mp *cres.*

cres.

eyes. Be - held poor "Gol-die's" o - pen cage, Oh! what a glad sur -

cres.

mf *cres.*

- prise! So mew - ing loud with cru - el glee, She spread her wick - ed

mf sos. *fz* *fz*

dim. *dim. e poco rit.*

claws, And soon the ten-der lit - tle bird was fix'd with - in her jaws.

dim. *dim e poco rit.*

FOURTH VERSE.

mp *cres.*

I do not care to tell how much Our dar - ling Mag - gie

mp *cres.*

poco cres.

cried, Or how she kiss'd the emp - ty cage The day poor bir - die

cres.

p *poco cres.*

died; One lit - tle gold - en fea - ther, soft, I know she trea-sures

p *poco cres.*

mf *dim.* *e* *rit.* *p*

yet, 'Twas all the cru - el, spite- ful cat, Did leave of Maggie's pet.

mf *fz* *fz* *dim.* *e* *rit.* *p*

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN.

The Death and Burial of Cock Robin.

Andante con moto.

mp *mf*

Who kill'd Cock Ro - bin? "I," said the Spar-row; "With

mp *mf*

f *p*

my bow and ar-row I kill'd Cock Ro - bin." Who saw him die?

f *p*

poco cres. *ritard.*

"I," said the Fly; "With my lit - tle eye I saw him die."

poco cres. *ritard.*

con moto.

mf *dim.*

Who caught his blood? "I," said the Fish; "With my lit - tle dish

mf *dim.*

mf e sos. *mp* *molto staccato.*

I caught his blood." Who'll make his shroud? "I," said the Bee-tle; "With

mf *mp* *molto staccato.*

ritard. *f* *fz* *f*

my thread and nee - dle I'll make his shroud." Who'll bear the torch?

f *ritard.* *fz* *f*

Allegretto. *mf* *f*

"I," said the Lin - net, "Will come in a mi - nute; I'll bear the

mf *f*

mp marcato.

torch." Who'll be the clerk? "I," said the Lark,

mp

"I'll say A-men in the dark; I'll be the clerk."

mf

Who'll dig his grave? "I," said the Owl; "With my spade and showl

mf *cres.*

f *cres.* *p*

I'll dig his grave." . . Who'll be the Par-son?

f *p*

trem.

cres. *dim.* *p*

"I," said the Rook; "With my lit-tle book I'll be the Par - son.

cres. *dim.* *p*

p *With tenderness.* *poco cres.*

Who'll be chief mourn-er? "I," said the Dove; "I mourn for my love,

p *poco cres.*

p *mp* *cres*

I'll be chief mourn-er." Who'll sing his dirge? "I," said the

p *mp* *fz* *cres.*

sost. *p*

Thrush; "As I sing in a bush, I'll sing his dirge."

8*va.* *loco.* *tr* *tr* *tr* *p*

Ped. **Ped.* **Ped.* *

Allegretto moderato.

mp *cres.*

Who'll car-ry his cof-fin? "I," said the Kite; "If it be in the

mp Allegretto moderato. *cres.*

f *rallentando.* *mf*

night, I'll car - ry his cof - fin." Who'll toll the bell?

marcato.

f *rallentando.* *mp*

f *poco rit.*

"I," said the Bull; "Be - cause I can pull, I'll toll the bell."

cres. *f* *poco rit.*

Mournfully. *pp*

All the birds of the air Fell sigh - ing and sob-bing, When they

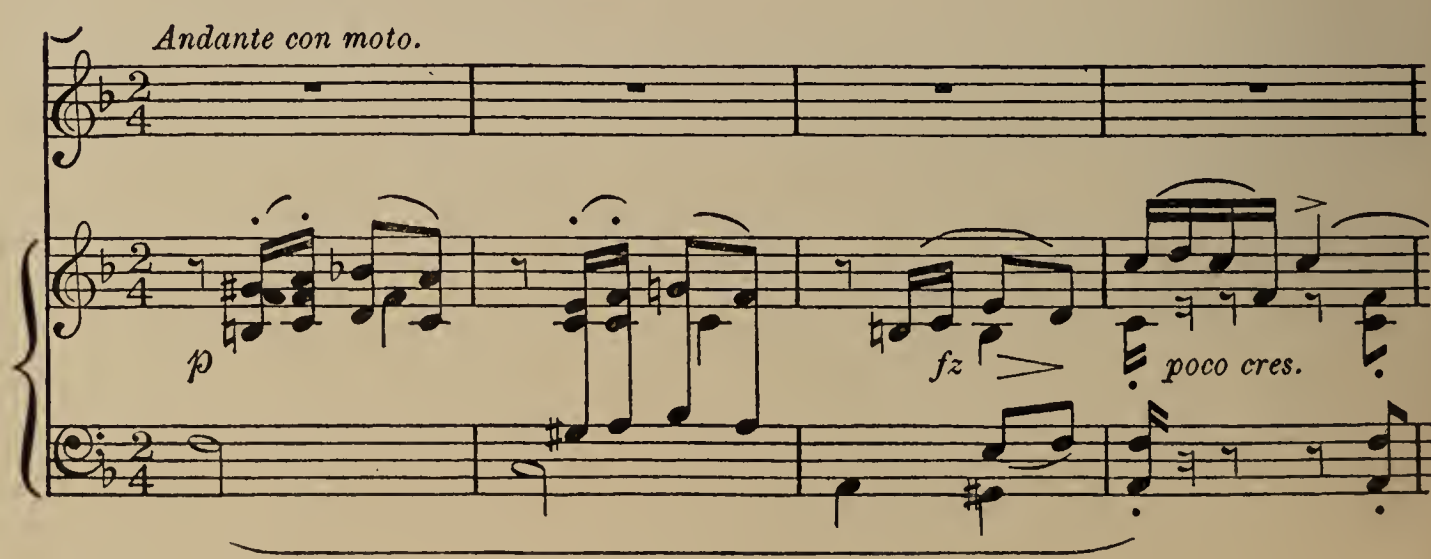
Andantino. *pp e sos.* *fz* *fz*

rit. *p* *pp*

heard the bell toll For poor Cock Ro - bin.

p *pp*

Lullaby.



p

When lit - tle Bir - die

sostenuto. *dim. e ritard.* *p*

cres.

bye-bye goes, Qui - et as mice in church - es, He puts his head where

cres

pp

no one knows, On one leg he perch - es. When lit - tle Ba - bie

pp legato e ben sostenuto.

poco cres.

bye - bye goes, On Mamma's arm re - pos - ing; Soon he lies be -

poco cres.

cres. *rall.*

- neath the clothes, Safe in the cra - dle do - zing.

cres. *colla voce.* *mp*

cres - - - cen - - - do. *dim.* *ritard.*

p

When pret-ty Pus - sy goes to sleep, Tail and nose to - ge - ther,

p

Then lit-tle mice a - round her creep, Light - ly as a fea - ther.

pp

When lit-tle Ba - bie goes to sleep, . . And he is ve - ry near us,

pp legato e ben sostenuto.

pp *poco cres.* *rall.*

Then on tip - toe soft - ly creep, That Ba - bie may not hear us.

pp *poco cres.* *rall.*

p *cres.* *ritard.* *dim.* *p* *pp*

Lul-la-by! Lul-la - by! . . . . Lulla, Lul - la, Lul - la - - by! . . .

ten.

p *dim.* *p* *morendo.* *pp*

ten.

MOTHER TABBYSKINS

Mother Tabbyskins.

Allegretto.

(The Words are printed by the kind permission of Messrs. Strahan & Co.)

f *ten.* *dim.*

mp *cres.*

Sitting at a win-dow, In her cloak and hat, I saw Mother Tabbyskins, The *real* old cat!

mp *fz* *mf*

f

Ve - ry old, ve - ry old, Crum-ple-ty and lame; Teaching kit-tens how to scold—

fz *ten.* *ten.* *ten.*

colla voce.

ad lib.

Is it not a shame?

colla voce. *mf* *fz*

ten.

p *cres.*

Kit-tens in the gar-den, Looking in her face, Learning how to spit and swear,

p *fz*

p *f*

Oh, what a dis-grace! Ve-ry wrong, ve-ry wrong, Ve-ry wrong, and bad;

fz

p *ten.* *ten.*

colla voce.

dim. *p* *molto rit.* *mp*

Such a sub-ject for our song, Makes us all too sad. Old Mother Tab-by-skins,

ten. *molto rit.* *mp*

f *p*

Stick-ing out her head, Gave a howl, and then a yowl, Hobbled off to bed.

fz *fz* *p*

cres. con moto. f

Ve - ry sick, ve - ry sick, Ve - ry sa-vage, too; Pray send for a doc-tor quick—

fz ten. ten. f ten. colla voce.

a tempo.

A - ny one will do!

a tempo. mf fz ten.

pp cres. p

Doc-tor mouse came creeping, Creeping to her bed; Lanc'd her gums and felt her pulse,

pp fz p

pp rallentando. mf

Whis-per'd she was dead. Ve - ry sly, ve - ry sly, The *real* old cat

fz pp rallentando. ten. colla voce. ten. fz

O-pen kept her weather eye— Mouse! be-ware of that!

ten. *mf* *ten.*

mf

Old Mother Tab-by-skins, Saying "Serves him right,"

fz *mf* *fz*

f *scherzo.* *f*

Gobbled up the Doc-tor, With In-fi-nite de-light. "Ve-ry fast, ve-ry fast,

f *scherzo.* *fz* *ten.* *colla voce.*

ten. *ad lib.*

Ve-ry pleasant, too— What a pi-ty it can't last! Bring a-no-ther, do."

ten. *ten.*

mf

Doc-tor Dog comes run-ning,

mf *fz* *mf*

ten.

p *mf* *dim.*

Just to see her begs; Round his neck a com-fort - er, Trowsers on his legs.

p *mf* *dim.*

f e pomposo.

Ve - ry grand, ve - ry grand—Golden-head-ed cane Swinging gai - ly from his hand,

fz

ten. *ten.*

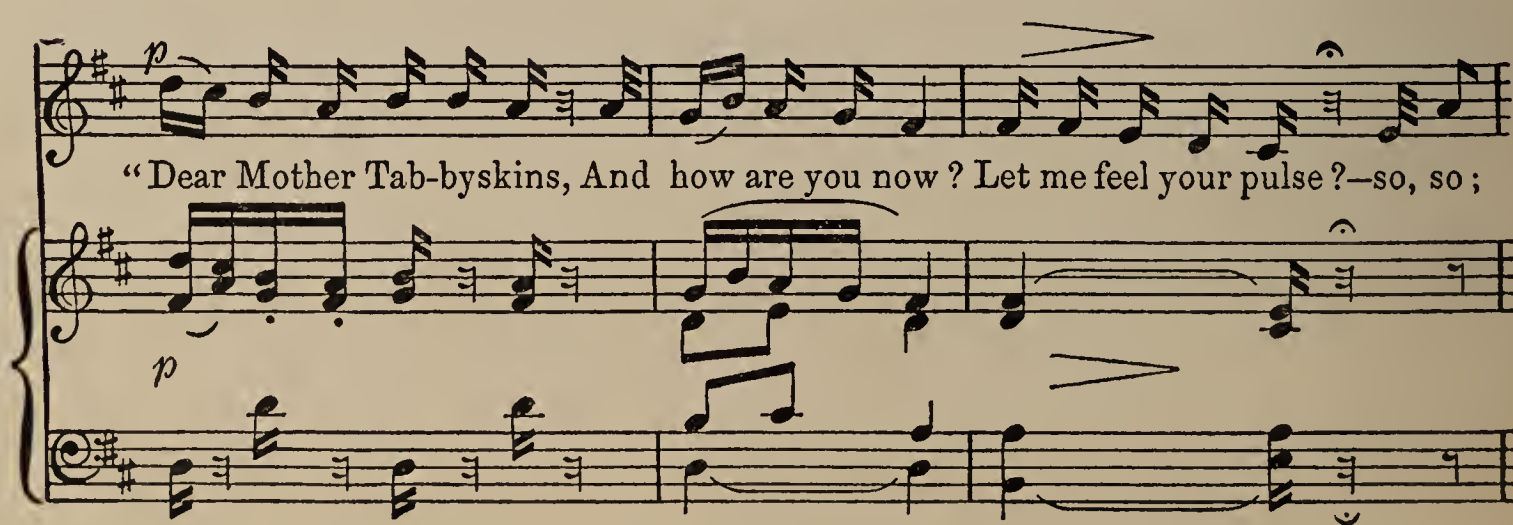
colla voce.

p

Mis-chief in his brain!

colla voce. *mf* *fz*

ten.


"Dear Mother Tab-byskins, And how are you now? Let me feel your pulse?—so, so;

p *f* *dim.*

Show your tongue—bow wow." "Ve-ry ill, ve-ry ill," "Please attempt to purr;

fz *mf* *ten.* *colla voce.* *ten.*

p *ad lib.*

Will you take a draught or pill? *Which* do you pre-fer?"

p *mf* *ten.*

mf

Ah, Mother Tab-by-skins, Who is now a-fraid?

fz *mf*

dim. *p* *cres.*

Of poor lit-tle Doc-tor Mouse You a mouthful made. Ve-ry nice, ve-ry nice,

fz

dim. *p* *ten.* *colla voce.*

f marcato. *ten.*

Lit - tle doc- tor he, But for Doc-tor Dog's ad-vice *You* must pay the fee.

ten. *f* *fz ten.*

p

Doc-tor Dog comes near - er,

mf *fz* *p* *ten.*

cree. *f* *dim.* *p*

Says she must be bled; I heard Mo-ther Tab - by-skins Screaming in her bed.

p *cres.* *ffz* *dim.* *p*

cres. *f*

Ve - ry near, ve - ry near, Scuffling out and in; Doc-tor Dog looks full and queer—

fz *cres. ten.* *colla voce.* *ten.* *f*

p *ad lib.* *mf*

Where is Tab-by-skin? I will tell the Mo-ral With-out a-ny fuss?

p colla voce. *mf*

dim. *cres.*

Those who lead the young a-stray, *Al-ways* suf-fer thus. Ve-ry nice, ve-ry nice,

dim. *fz* *ten.* *colla voce.*

f poco lento. *ad lib.*

Let our conduct be; For all doc-tors are not mice, Some are dogs, you see!

ten. *f poco lento.* *colla voce.*

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

The Spider and the Fly.

(A NURSERY DITTY.)

Allegretto con moto.

p *p* *p* *p* *cres.*

mf *mf*

mf

"Will you walk in - to my par - lour?" said a

fp *mf*

p

Spider to a Fly, "It is the prettiest par-lour that e - ver you did spy!

p

sherz.

mp *cres* *rallent. ad lib.* *f* *a tempo.* *p*

You've on - ly got to pop your head just inside of the door, You'll

mp *f* *dim.*

legato. *p* *cres.*

see so ma-ny curious things you never saw before, Will you, will you, will you

p sostenuto. *p* *cres.*

p *cres.* *molto ritard.* *a tempo.*

walk in, pret-ty fly? Will you, will you, will you walk in, pret-ty fly? . . .

fz

p *fz* *ten.*

cres - cen - do. *colla voce.* *a tempo cres.*

p

. . . pret-ty fly, pret-ty fly?" . . . .

p *mf* *f*

mf *p*

"My fine house is al-ways o-pen," said the Spider to the Fly, "I'm

poco rit. *mf* *p*

mp

glad to have the company of all I see go by;" "They go

mf *mp*

rallent. *ad lib.* *a tempo.*

f *p*

in but dont come out again—I've heard of you before." "Oh yes, they do, I always let them

f *dim.* *p* *sostenuto.*

p *cres.* *p*

out at my back door, Will you, will you, will you walk in, pret-ty fly? Will you

p *cres.* *p*

cres. *molto ritard.* *a tempo.* *p*

fz

will you, will you walk in, pret-ty fly? . . . . pret-ty fly, pret-ty

ten.

fz

cres - cen - do. *colla voce.* *a tempo. cres.* *p*

fly ?" . . . . . "Will you

mf *f* *poco rit.* *mf*

grant me one sweet kiss, dear," says the Spider to the Fly, "To taste your charming lips, I've a

mp *rallentando.* *ad lib.* *cres.*

cu-ri-o-si - ty." Says the Fly, "If once our lips did meet, a

scherz. *mp* *cres.*

a tempo. *p*

wager I would lay, Of ten to one you would not af-ter let them come a - way." "Will you

dim. *p* *sostenuto.* *p*

cres. p cres. fz

will you, will you, walk in, pret-ty fly? Will you, will you, will you

cres. p cres-cen-do. fz colla voce.

molto ritard. a tempo. p

walk in pret-ty fly? . . . . . pret-ty fly, pret-ty fly?" . . . . . .

ten. a tempo. cres. p mf

mf

. . . "If not kiss, will you shake hands, then?" says the

f poco rit. mf

p poco a poco rit. p lento. rit. ad lib.

Spider to the Fly, "Be-fore you leave me to myself, with sor-row sad to sigh."

p poco a poco rit. p e sos. colla voce. p

a tempo. 1mo. *mf* *cres.* *rallent. ad lib.* *mf*

Says the Fly, "there's nothing so at-trac-tive un-to you be-longs; I de-

a tempo. 1mo. *mf* *dim.*

a tempo. *p* *cres.*

- clare you should not touch me, e-ven with a pair of tongs,' 'Will you, will you, will you,

p sostenuto. *p* *cres.*

p *cres.* *molto ritard.* *a tempo.*

walk in, pret-ty fly? Will you, will you, will you walk in, pret-ty fly? . . .

fz *ten.*

p *cres-cen-do.* *fz* *colla voce.* *a tempo. cres.*

p

. . . pret-ty fly, pret-ty fly?" . . . . . .

p *mf* *f*

f. *dim.* *mf*

"Oh, what handsome wings you've got," says the Spider to the Fly, "If

poco rit. *mf* *dim.* *p*

poco lento. *p*

I had on-ly such a pair, I in the air would fly; But 'tis

mf *p*

cres. *a tempo.* *mf*

use-less my re-pi-ning, and on-ly i-dle talk, You can fly up in the air, while

cres. *dim.* *p* *sostenuto.*

p *cres.* *p*

I'm o-bliged to walk. Will you, will you, will you walk in, pret-ty fly? Will you,

p *cres.* *p*

cres. molto ritard. a tempo. p

will you, will you walk in, pret-ty fly? . . . . . pret-ty fly, pret-ty

fz ten.

cres - cen - do. fz colla voce. a tempo. cres. p

mf

fly?" . . . . . "For the

mf f poco rit. mf

fz mf fz f

last time now I ask you, will you walk in, Mister Fly?" "No, If I do, may I be shot, I'm

fz mf fz f

mf p poco lento. cres.

off, so now good-bye, good-bye, good-bye." Then up he springs, but both his wings were

fz mf p cres.

rallent. *p* *a tempo.* *p*

in the web caught fast; The Spider laugh'd, "Ah, ah, my boy, I have you safe at last. Will you,

dim. *p* *sostenuto.* *p*

cres. *p* *cres.* *fz*

will you, will you, walk *out*, pret-ty fly? Will you, will you, will you

cres. *p* *cres - cen - do.* *fz* *colla voce.*

Allegretto moderato.

mp *p*

walk *out*, pret-ty fly? . . . . . pret-ty fly, pret-ty fly?" . . . . . .

ten. *a tempo.* *cres.* *p* *mf*

mf

. . . "Tell me, pray, how are you now?" says the

f *poco rit.* *mf* *dim.*

f

Spider to the Fly, "You fools will ne-ver wisdom get, un - less you dear-ly buy;

f *mf*

poco lento. *p* *rallent.* *ad lib.* *a tempo.* *mp*

'Tis va - ni-ty that ever makes re - pentance come too late, And

p *dim.*

p *cres.*

you who in - to cobwebs run, right well deserve your fate, Listen, lis-ten, lis-ten,

p sostenuto. *cres.* *p*

p *cres.* *molto ritard.* *a tempo.*

fool-ish lit - tle Fly, Listen, listen to me, foolish, fool-ish lit - tle Fly; . . .

fz *p* *fz* *ten.*

cres - cen - do. *colla voce.* *a tempo. cres.*

p

. . . . lit - tle fly, lit - tle fly?" . . . .

p *mf* *f*

mf *p*

So now all young folks take warning by this foolish lit-tle fly, The

poco rit. mf *p*

with emphasis. *poco lento.* *p*

Spider's name is "*Pleasure*," to catch you he will try; For al -

mf *p*

rallent. *a tempo.* *cres.*

- though you may think my ad - vice is quite a bore, You're lost if you stand parleying out -

dim. *p* *sostenuto.*

p *cres.* *p*

- side of "*Pleasure's*" door, Re - member, remember, the fool-ish lit - tle fly, Re -

p *cres.* *p*

cres. e molto ritard. *lento.* *dim.* *tr* *a tempo.* *p*

fz

- mem - ber, Oh! re - mem - ber, the fool - ish lit - tle Fly. . . . .

cres. e molto ritard. *lento.* *dim.* *p* *a tempo.*

cres.

poco a poco accel. e cres.

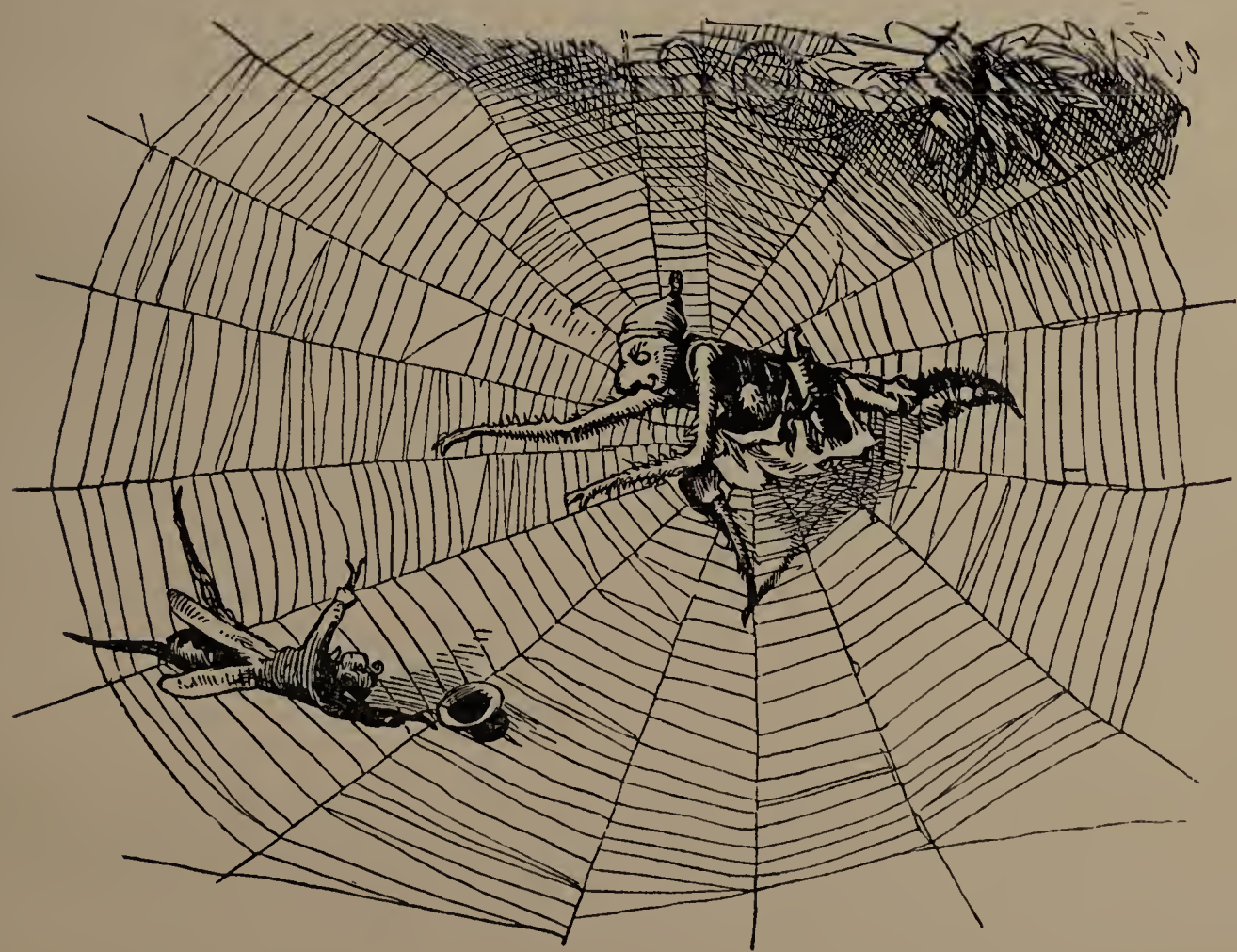
Ped.

8va. . . . . loco.

p

Piu Allegro.

p



The Thievish Mouse.

Allegretto. *mp*

A sto - ry sad I've got to tell a - bout a lit - tle

mp

cres.

mouse With bright brown eyes, Who used to scam - per up and down the

cres.

Marcato. *f*

house: No cheese was safe, no Birth - day cake, on ei - ther shelf or

f *ten.*

dim. *p*

ground, For Mouse would sure-ly find it out, and nib - ble it all round.

dim. *p*

mp

I can - not tell you how each night this naugh- ty Mouse would

mp

cres.

roam, Her lit - tle nose thrust in - to things she should have left a -

cres.

f *Marcato.*

- lone: It mat - ter'd not where they were put, in cup - board or on

f *ten.*

dim. *p*

shelf, This cunning Mouse would "sniff" them out, And cool-ly help her - self.

dim. *p*

mf

Aunt Ma - ry said, "It is no use to hide the cakes and

mf

cres.

pies, For some-one finds them all, and sly - ly feasts up - on the

cres.

Marcato. *f*

prize. A thief there sure - ly is se - cre - ted some-where in the

f *ten.*

p *cres.*

house." But Grand-pa - pa, (the wise old man) de - clared it was a Mouse.

p *fz* *p*

mf

Said he, "We'll get a trap, and then you soon will find I'm

mf

cres.

right, Just toast a bit of cheese and make all rea - dy for to -

cres.

Marcato.

f

- night, And when our lit - tle friend ar-rives, pre - pared to help her -

f

ten.

dim.

p

- self, She'll find, in-stead of pie and cake, there's mis-chief on the shelf."

dim.

p

mp

Poor Mou - sey! lit - tle did she think while scamp - er - ing a -

mp

cres.

- long, How dear - ly she would have to pay, that night for do - ing

cres.

Marcato. *f* *f* *ten.*

wrong. She tas - ted pie and cake, then seized the cheese with ea - ger

dim. *ad lib.* *fz* *p* *dim.* *fz* *ffz* *p*

greed. A - las! the trap closed with a spring, and she was caught in - deed.

MORAL. *mf* *mf*

Now lit - tle Folks be - lieve me, when you do a wick - ed

cres. *cres.*

thing, Some - time or o - ther it is sure, its pun - ish - ment to

Marcato. *f* *f* *ten.*

bring, And no - thing can be worse you know, in peo - ple small or

dim. *dim.* *p*

grown, Than that of ta - king a - ny-thing which is not quite their own.

mp *mp*

You see, if Mouse had stay'd at home, nor cared to pry and

cres. *cres.*

peep, And had not trot - ted out to steal, while o - thers were a -

f *Marcato.*

- sleep, She'd now have been a - live and well, and hap - py with her

f *ten.*

dim. *f* *ritard.* *fz* *mp* *ad lib.*

friends, In - stead of be - ing caught and kill'd, . to prove how steal-ing ends.

dim. *f* *ffz* *mp colla voce.*

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